THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY JULY 31, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1931. }

LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This tress of hair of her who died,
Wakes in my soul that reddening thrill
That came when Hope her light denied,
And Earth was drear and dark and chill.
Oh, I had thought that Time would bring
Nepenthe to my weary breast;—
And fling o'er all Oblivion's wing,
And I might be at peace and rest!

But Memory's pale, relentless ghost
Looks on me with her deathless eyes;
And dreams of joy forever lost,
Have power like phantoms still to rise.
Ah! why are hopes thus given to be
But mockeries to the fainting heart,
To lure it with their witchery,
And then forevermore depart?

She's gone, and all is well with her.
She walks the shining realm above;
Where sighs no more her bosom stir
For her too dark and hapless love.
And I have longed and prayed to go
Across the darkly rolling river,
Again to meet her, and to know
These tears turned into joy forever

Waynesville, Ohio. C. M.

THE JEW'S CURSE.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

"You may put up the weapon, Esther; our visitor, Simeon the Jew, cometh with no hostile intent. Neither were it otherwise would he prove a very formidable foe, for the weapon in thy woman's hand hath already startled him," said Mr. Russell.

The Jew had, indeed, paused on the threshold at the sight of the matron, but he now stepped forward saying, with a glance of interest toward her,

"True, I looked not for such a show here, yet the day has been when a daughter of my race led the people up to battle, even the princes of Issachar. Another sealed the victory by Kishon with the hammer and the nail. And she who bore the name by which thy husband nameth thee, even Esther, the fair favored, broke the bonds of her people, and turned the songs of their captivity into joy. But we are fallen—fallen—fallen!"

Mrs. Russell gazed with a mixture of fear, surprise and sorrow upon the quivering features of the man as his sharp tone died away in a mournful kind of wail, but her husband saw in him only a victim of the Divine wrath, and spoke accordingly.

"Yea verily the 'sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron and graven with a diamond,' that the uttermost parts of the earth may profit by the lesson. For, thus saith the Lord. Because they have forsaken My law which I set before them, and have not obeyed My voice, neither walked therein.

"Behold I will feed them with wormwood, and give them gall to drink. I will scatter them among the heathen, whom neither they nor their fathers have known; I will send a sword after them until I have consumed them.

"I will make Jerusalem a den of dragons, and the cities of Judah desolate!"

For a brief space after the deep tone of the stern Puritan ceased to vibrate, the Jew stood with bent head and abject look, shrinking together as if the live flesh beneath his garment still quivered at the touch of the burning curses denounced upon his people. Then a light flashed up his face, his eyes began to glow and burn with the wonderful brilliancy and power peculiar to his race, and lifting himself erect, while his figure seemed to grow and expand in the light of some great hope, he took up the burthen of the prophet, and repeated in a voice trembling with passionate emotion,

"Alas! for that day is great—so that there is none like it; it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it! Therefore, fear thou not, oh, my servant Jacob, saith the Lord; neither be thou dismayed, oh Israel; for lo! I will save thee from afar, and thy seed from the land of their captivity; and Jacob shall return and be in rest, and none shall make him afraid!

"All they that devour thee shall be devoured; all thy adversaries, every one of them shall go into captivity; they that plunder thee shall be a spoil, and all that prey upon thee will I give for a prey!"

"Thou hast the words of the sacred Scriptures on thy tongue, though thou art yet in the spiritual bondage of unbelief!" said the Puritan, somewhat moved by the Jew's earnestness. "May the Lord cause them to sink deep in thy heart."

"Think you that they can sink deeper—or, that the Gentile, the son of the strange woman, can appreciate them like the children of the promise?" said the Jew, the shadow returning over his face, and the habitual sneer to his lips. "But I came not here to listen to an exposition of the law and the prophets. I would speak to thee on business and alone, if it so please thee!"

With a whispered word or two to her husband with reference to the accommodation and comfort of their strange guest, Mrs. Russell withdrew to her rest, and the two men sat in silence for some seconds, the Jew seemingly intent on drying his wet garments by the welcome blaze. Finally Mr. Russell spoke.

"So the term of thy durance is at an end!"

"Yes; and it is out of favor to thee, I hear—in consideration of thy representations, that I am not even this day whipped through their streets at the cart's-tail," returned the visitor rising, his sharp dark features again alive with emotion. "Man, thou hast been just! I thank thee. When tempted to scorn and contempt again, I will remember thee and be silent, for lo! the bread which I cast upon the waters hath been returned to me after many days!"

The Puritan looked at him with a new and sudden interest.

"Hath thy gratitude then brought thee through the wilderness and the storm, this night, to tell me this? And thou, a Jew?"

"Yea, a Jew, and the son of a Jew! But I spoke not of gratitude—only justice! Thou hast fulfilled the law of Moses—thou hast not forgotten him who showed thee favor!" was the reply. "Scorned and spit upon by the very children of thy people, should I not mark the exception where I find it!" He turned himself to the fire again, and sat with outspread hands enjoying its warmth, apparently forgetful of everything else.

His sudden advent, the intense, passionate eagerness of his manner—the hour and the errand had disturbed the staid formality of the Puritan, and he sat and watched the high, thin features of his guest, as the flickering blaze threw them into light or shadow, with an interest which twelve hours later he would be at loss to explain, and, most likely, ashamed to acknowledge. But the sight of his unfinished letter finally aroused him, and rising, he said, in a slightly condescending tone,

"If this be all, Simeon, I think our conference is at an end, and I will show thee a place of rest for the night."

The Jew turned upon him a look of keen, wondering inquiry, in which there was visible a kind of lurking suspicion, and which found vent in these words:

"Thou wilt give shelter to one of my despised race—under thy very roof? See, the storm abates—hast thou well considered this matter? To one charged with magic and witchcraft, and I know not what crimes? Hast thou thought well of all this?"

"For the one crime proved against thee thou hast paid the penalty," returned Mr. Russell, with dignity. "The other tales I heed not; besides, thou should'st know that the Christian reverences alike the old and the new commandments, neither of which permit him to turn the stranger from his door."

"It is enough!" said the Jew. "I will trust thee, and try to forget that perforce I *must*. I have not said all—but art thou sure we are alone—quite alone?"

"Quite—but speak briefly—for I have much writing and other business to do ere our new ship sails, which will be right speedily, if this wind holds."

"Aye, it is of that I would speak. It is the sentence of thy rulers that I must leave this jurisdiction, and as my necessities point to England, I have taken passage in that ship."

"Thou hast?" exclaimed the Puritan, in surprise.

"Yea;—there was much opposition to my request, and some of thy people spoke of Jonah," replied the Jew bitterly; "but I bade them remember, if they refused me this, how was I to obey their command save by going back among the heathen savages, for consorting with whom, even against my will, I had just been punished, and they consented."

"And thou hast not the means to pay for thy passage? Is that what thou would'st say?" exclaimed Mr. Russell, slightly drawing back.

The Jew noted the movement, and smiled quietly as he said,

"No; though the white man and the red man have conspired to rob me in this weary land, the blessing of Jacob has not wholly departed from me, and I have still wherewithal to pay the cruel sum thy people demand—and—a trifle beside. It is of this I speak."

Mr. Russell remained silent, while with a quick glance at the closed doors, the man threw back his outer garment, and with another long, hesitating, penetrating look upon Mr. Russell's face, moved a step or two backward to the fire, but, as suddenly turning, drew from beneath his under garments a long leather belt, black and glossy from long use. With trembling hands he undid the fastenings, and laying the corner of his scarf on the table to deaden the sound, poured from its inner recess piece after piece of glittering gold. There were several Spanish pieces, but the greater portion were old Dutch ducats, the standard coin at the time. As Mr. Russell made a step forward in his surprise, the Jew instinctively swooped down his long, bent fingers over the gold as if he would sweep it all back to its secret bed, then, recollecting himself, he said, with a low groan,

"I *must*—for the peril that lies ahead is sure and certain; but oh, Father Abraham, that I should be compelled to *choose!* to take surety from a stranger!"

Then raising himself, but with his skinny fingers still covering his gold, he went on rapidly,

"I said I had a trifle—a very pittance, beyond what thy people demand of me for passage in their ship. It is here. I go among them as a condemned criminal. I dare not take it with me lest it be taken from me on some pretence of law or robbery. I shall return to the Dutch colony in the spring to pursue the traffic which this untoward destiny interrupted, and—thou hast proven thyself a just man, Caleb Russell—I would fain leave it in thy charge until I return. Give me thy bond, and thou shalt have it free of interest up to that time!"

"But what if thou should'st never return?" asked Mr. Russell, after a few moments silence.

"If I return not within a twelve-month, or at least twice that time, pay the money over to one Jacob Solomons, my kinsman of the Dutch settlement at Monhadoes. He knoweth my will."

Mr. Russell still remained silent, and the Jew, with a slackening of his eager tone in disappointment and surprise, drew back from the gold, saying,

"Dost thou refuse, sir. See, three hundred ducats besides the Spanish doubloons. In all, good four hundred pounds—and for nothing but thy bond!"

"Is the gold honestly thine, Simeon Levins?" inquired the Puritan, sternly. "Canst thou affirm it on thy oath?"

"Yea, upon the law and the Prophets! Gained in much peril, but in lawful traffic;" and the speaker took up one of the shining pieces and drew it fondly across the cuff of his sleeve, as he added, "dost thou grant my prayer—under thy written bond of course!"

The Puritan counted the money piece by piece before he said—

"I do; I will guard thy gold as carefully as if it were my own, but I will not be answerable for the ravages of fire or war. On these conditions thou canst leave it or take it as thou choosest!"

"It is enough!" and taking up the pen of his host, the Jew wrote in a fair, clerkly hand, the bond, which, after a careful perusal, was duly signed and sealed by Mr. Russell, and returned to his hands. Then, as if to shut out the sight and even the clink of his hoarded treasure, as his host dropped it into a deep leathern pouch, he crouched down over the fire, with his hands pressed close upon his ears, where he remained immoveable until the voice of Mr. Russell reminded him, somewhat peremptorily, of the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of retiring.

"There is no rest for me," he returned sadly. "It is neither safe or wise for either of us, that this visit of mine shou'd be known. I must be back to Qunnipiac, before the rising of the sun brings the prying eyes of mine enemies upon my path. A morsel of the food of which thy kind Esther spoke, (the blessing of Jacob rest upon her,) ere she went to her rest, and the privilege of an hour or two's repose before this fire, is all I ask at thy hand."

Mr. Russell felt the wisdom of his caution, and placing before him with his own hands, wherewithal to satisfy his hunger, returned to his writing.

It was late in the night ere he sought his rest—and in the morning there was no trace of the nocturnal visit of the Jew.

A week later, cutting their way through the ice, Master Lumberton and his rich treasure of souls set sail. The ice was still firm, and they were accompanied down the bay by their minister, Mr. Davenport, and a large concourse of anxious friends. Pausing at the extreme limit of firm ice, Mr. Davenport lifted up his voice in prayer, pleading mightily for their safety, but crying "Lord, if it be Thy pleasure to bury these, our friends, in the bottom of the sea, they are thine—save them!"—words long after remembered by many a sore and sorrowing heart. Every one knows the sad fate of that ship; the hopeless expectation of those who waited for news of her—the agonizing prayers for her safety, and the miraculous sign given to turn that agony into humble submission to God's holy will.

In the meantime, prosperity attended the fortune of Caleb Russell. It was indeed as if the blessing of Jacob was on his flocks and herds; he was both an elder and magistrate, and his praise was in the mouths of all the people. But many a man who findeth strength and courage in an empty cup and larder, groweth cowardly in the face of plenty; and below the realization of our earthly hopes, Satan often diggeth his most deep and cunning pits. Amid persecution and slander, and imminent bodily peril, he had stood; now, he had come into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when he took him by the hand and showed him again and again all the broad, rich acres which might be his, and blew the dust of his devilish casuistry in his eyes until the image of the Jew and his kinsman, Jacob Solomons of Monhadoes, became quite indistinct, he wavered and had not courage to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" but only whispered, "wait a little, friend—if"—at which Satan chuckled quietly, and sat down to "bide his time," undue haste being no part of his plan.

It came at last. Some trouble which the colonies had with the Dutch, thickened the dust about Jew Solomons, and as the cunning tempter suggested, made it akin to a patriotic duty to forget all about him; Mr. Russell's "wait" was changed to "now," and gradually section after section of rich virgin soil was added to his farm, while the improvements he made, and the mills he erected, brought not only profit, but the gratitude and respect of his neighbors.

But as the tide of prosperity flowed in a wider and wider circle without, the pleasant haven within doors became more barren and gloomy. To his brethren—men whose earnest faith took right hold of the spiritual world, who were accustomed to daily wrestlings with angels or battlings with Satan, the marks of internal struggle written upon the dark, care-worn visage of Mr. Russell, were no mystery. As year by year he grew more reserved, more sternly rigid, especially toward himself in the performance of all religious duties, more humble, self-abased, and depreciating, refusing even the honors which in those days might be deemed his by right of wealth and position, they began to look upon him as one whose hand was already upon the horns of the altar—a conqueror through much tribulation. He was not by nature a demonstrative man—the stern tenets of the faith he had adopted, looked upon the affections with a jealous eye, as the avenues through which the tempter might enter in his most seductive form; and though generally just and kind, Mr. Russell was not an indulgent or even genial man in his household life. Yet the love was there and the pride: all the deeper and more intense for the narrow, rigid barriers which faith and duty set about them; and it was the fore-reaching of this family pride—this desire to see his children a power in the land, that had tempted him to forget the only true basis upon which that power could be founded. His family felt the change in him as they would have felt the pressure of some low hanging, sulphurous cloud above their home—and the gloom grew deeper still, when Rachel married, and John crossed the wilderness to become a student at the newly founded University of Harvard. The father was seemingly oblivious of their absence, and seldom mentioned their names; yet every letter which a chance traveller from the bay brought from John, was treasured up carefully in his leathern pocket-book, to be taken forth when all the others were asleep, and read and re-read with feelings of proud exultation. Then it was that the real nature of the man showed itself—the haughty over-weening pride of his nature jetted up through the hard crust of formalism and dishonesty, and flooded cheek and brow, until the wife of his bosom would hardly have recognized him.

He sat later than usual one night, in the autumn of 1651. Two letters lay before him—one from England, describing with all the fervor of religious enthusiasm the battle of Worcester, that "crowning mercy," as Cromwell called it, which made the power of the Commonwealth triumphant in the three kingdoms; and the other from a noted minister at Harvard, giving a favorable account of his son's progress. Both subjects were of vital interest, and his heart beat high as he pictured the future.

"The Lord hath made bare His right arm, and lo, His enemies are scattered!" was the triumphal outburst of the English correspondent. It was but the use of Scripture terms so common in that day, yet by some sudden power of association, they brought vividly to mind his midnight interview with the Jew in that same room, and his abused trust. For a moment he cowered before this revelation of himself, and bowed his head upon his hands with something like a groan. Suddenly he started and listened—there came a knock at the door—another, and another, low but distinct—and in a moment he was himself again, calm, erect, and impenetrable.

"Mr. Morrick is poorer, and they have sent for me!" he said, as he went to the door. It was no neighbor in need of friendly offices or religious ministrations to the dying that the light of the flaring candle revealed, but a small, attenuated, contorted figure, with a face frightfully scarred both by disease and the sharp edge of some deadly weapon, and overhung by wisps of long streaming gray hair. Out of this twisted, haggard, indurated snarl of features, gleamed a pair of eyes, before whose fiery, preternatural brightness, the doughty Puritan shrank involuntarily with, a sudden thought of the fearful struggles with the arch fiend himself, with which many of the saints in all ages had sealed their faith.

Before he could recover himself the figure sprang over the threshold and closed the door behind it, with an agility little in keeping with the appearance of the crooked, shrunken limbs.

For a second, they stood surveying each other by the light of the candle held aloft by the master of the house, then, with a ghastly smile and a slight sneer the new comer said,

"Fear not, sir! I am neither Sathanus or Lucifer, only Simeon Levin, the Jew—come to claim mine own; the gold I entrusted to thee five years ago!"

"Thou!—thou! Simeon Levin!" and the Puritan passed his hand rapidly before his eyes, as if to clear his sight. "The Jew perished with the ship in which he sailed—he and all the others, as God, in answer to our prayers, vouchsafed to attest by miracle. Avaunt, thou fiend!"

"Thy miracle was a lying miracle, like unto those of the priests of Egypt!" replied the visitor vehemently. "Now listen to a true one, wrought by the hand of the God of Jacob. When three days out at sea there arose a great storm, in which the boasted ship of thy people labored heavily, threatening every moment to sink. From the first they had looked upon me with an evil eye, and there arose a cry against me, as if I, and not their own sins, had awakened the wrath of Jehovah. The storm ceased at last, but not their cruel enmity, and meeting a ship bound for the Islands of the Spanish Main, they bargained with the master to take me, and in spite of my outcries, I was sent on board, carried far away, and landed on an island of the Indies naked and penniless. Mine own people succored me, but the hand of persecution was heavy upon them,—I was taken to prison with the others,—the iron of their cursed instruments of torture pierced my flesh and racked my nerves,—the prison-damp entered my bones—famine and fever and thirst took from me all but the breath of life. Thou see'st this body—'tis a monument of the mercy of thy Christian brethren—but I cursed them not utterly, for I said to, there is one just man among them, and if the door of thy prison ever opens, with Jacob Solomons at Monhadoes, thou wilt find thy gold. I found it not. What hast thou to say in thy defence?"

"That the man thou namest is leagued with the enemies of this colony, a raiser of strife and sedition, and with such I hold no dealings!" returned Mr. Russell, haughtily. He paused, slowly examined the face of his visitor, and his own grew rigidly stern as he added, "Thou hast concocted a plausible tale, Jacob Solomons, for I believe thou art that miscreant, but the sooner thou leavest this jurisdiction the better. If found within the limits after the rising of the morrow's sun, I will not answer for thy safety!"

The hands of the person thus addressed fell helplessly beside him, while he stared at the speaker for a moment in blank astonishment, then flinging them up in a spasm of rage, terror and disappointment, his voice rose to a shrill, sharp cry of agony.

"I tell thee I am thy creditor, Simeon Levin! Dost thou deny me still! Wilt thou not recognize me! Oh, father Abraham, where shall I look for justice? Ten thousand curses upon them who have spoiled me of mine own proper identity!—who have made me a mockery of a man!"

"If thou art Simeon Levin, thou hast doubtless the written witness of my obligation, and canst produce it," said Mr. Russell, doubtfully.

"Wo is me, it is gone! The Spanish thieves took it from me when they cast me into prison. These Christians have no mercy—may the Lord reward them!" groaned the man. "But thou," he went on, his tone changing suddenly to a low, plaintive pleading—"thou art just. Thou wilt need nothing but the word of a man bowed down and broken by suffering and oppression. What need of bond where truth and justice are written upon the heart. Thou didst deliver me from the door of cruel men—thou didst offer me food and shelter in this very room! Thou didst but joke—thou surely knowest me now!"

"Yea, I do know thee, as thou sayest, for a vile impostor!" thundered the Puritan. "Dost thou attempt to cheat me into the belief that Simeon Levin would have lost an obligation for gold? I know the man, and know that he would have found some means of saving it even from the fiend himself! Go to! thou may'st be the Jew Solomons, or thou may'st be Satan himself, to whom, in sooth, thou must bear a striking similitude, but thou art *not* Simeon Levin. Thy own words condemn thee. Again I bid thee go. Relieve me of thy presence if thou would'st not have me deliver thee up for a vagrant and an extortioner!"

For a full moment the man continued to stare straight up at the dark, imperious face of the speaker, with motionless lids and wide, dilated eyes. Then he cast them down upon his own crooked, mean, distorted figure, and with a fierce, defiant cry of agony he beat his hands upon his breast.

"Oh, God! what am I? what have I done, that I should be made a scorned and blemished thing like this—that my own sufferings should witness against me! Where sleepest Thy justice, oh, God?" broke from between the clenched teeth. "Aye," he went on, "thou art right, I am the fiend, and he knoweth his own! Come," he continued, his voice sinking to a whisper, and a flash of terrible hate burning in his eyes—"come"—beckoning with his thin, skeleton-like finger, which seemed suddenly endowed with the lithe sinuous movement and magnetic power of the serpent—"henceforth thou art mine!"

Intense hate, like intense love is magnetic, and involuntarily the stout Puritan bowed his head and made a step or two forward, towards the threshold upon which the man stood. He observed it, but the smile of fiendish satisfaction only lightened in his eyes as he again spoke in that low, husky whisper, the long, wavering forefinger still held aloft to enforce attention.

"Thou darest not deny the claim! No need of written bonds between us—ha! ha! ha! It is graven on thy heart, man! I have seen it, this night,—it is gnawing there—gnawing like the famished wolves of the forest—with a tooth that never pauses. I am the fiend, thou hast said it, and listen, 'tis thou that hast made me so; thou hast perfected the work began by thy Christian brethren, and I will have my revenge! Not my gold—I spit upon it. I curse it and thee!" Suddenly clasping his hands above his head, while every feature, muscle and limb seemed to crawl and quiver with implacable hate, he cried aloud, "Curse him, oh, God! Let the desire of his own heart consume him! Curse him in his house and in his children—in his flocks and herds,—let the very ground be accursed for his sake—let the natural produce thereof become to him a stench and a loathing—let him hunger and thirst as I have, oh, God—but in the midst of plenty, which shall mock him in his agony, till he call vainly for death and the grave, and I be avenged of mine injuries! Amen!"

He vanished so quickly that when Thomas, the man-servant, who had been roused by the shrill, vehement voice, rushed in, there was no trace of the man or his presence, save in the open door and the blanched cheek and horror-stricken look of his master. How much the servant had overheard, Mr. Russell did not care to ask; indeed, for some weeks, he was incapable of putting a rational query, for a low fever, incident, they said, to new lands, held him between life and death. Perhaps the tried old servant was honest when he asserted, in low, fearful whispers, his belief that the voice of the midnight visitor was none other than that of Satan himself, against whose wiles his master had stood firm and triumphant. It is certain that, when once more able to go out, and the brethren spoke to him of this crowning triumph, though he did not contradict the story, he deprecated any allusion to it with commendable humility.

Only once afterwards did the old serving-man see that same look of ghastly horror on his master's face. It was when the letter from the President of the University arrived, announcing the sudden and violent death of his son, and his eye fell upon the note it enclosed from "the skillful leech," who was, as that dignitary phrased it, "providentially at hand at the time of the accident, and able to give them a detailed account of its fatal effects."

It bore no device on the seal, nor signature within; it needed neither; and the face of the dead in his grave was not whiter than the father's, as he read the brief, pitiless contents:

"Wouldst thou know the name of the 'wonderful leech' to whom the care of thy dying boy was committed? Ask thine own heart! The boon denied thee was granted to me, and I watched his death agony, neither helping nor hindering. The God of Jacob is just—He hath heard my cry, and the day of His wrath is at hand. Remember!"

He did remember—with what agony of remorse and repentance,—with what bitter humiliation and despair,—with what ceaseless and gnawing self-torture through the long, weary years, during which his intellect lived and worked with restless activity, while his body lay torpid and helpless under the stroke of paralysis, let no one attempt to say. There is One that taketh account of these things, and that at last he found rest in him, albeit with fear and trembling, the inscription on the slab of red free-stone that marks his sunken grave, goes to prove, for it reads—

"A broken and a contrite heart, oh, God,
Thou wilt not despise!"

EXTRAORDINARY SYMPATHY.

Here is something (says Millington's Medical Experience,) that will please the ladies and astonish the men:—The singular sympathies that forewarn a future union between the sexes, have, in some instance, been most surprising. The following, which came within my knowledge, is perhaps one of the most singular:—Mr. ———, a brother officer of mine, was a man of taciturn and retired habits, seldom frequented public places of amusement, and when there, felt anything but gratification. One evening after supper, he was, however, prevailed upon to go to a ball. We had not been long in the room when, to my utter surprise, he expressed great admiration of a young lady who was dancing; and, what still more amazed us, he engaged her to dance. Such an act of apparent levity on his part, struck us as a singularity, which might have been attributed to an unusual indulgence at table, had not the contrary been the case, for he was remarkably abstemious. The dance was scarcely over when he came to me, and told me, with a look of deep despondency, that his lovely partner was a married woman. The tone of sadness in which he addressed me was truly ludicrous. A few minutes after he left the ball-room. The strangeness of his conduct led me to fear that his mind was not altogether in a sound state; but I was confirmed in my apprehension when he told me, the following morning, that he was convinced he should be married to the object of his admiration, whose husband was a young and healthy clergyman in the neighborhood. Here matters rested, and we both went abroad. We did not meet until three years after, when, to my surprise, I found that his prediction had been verified. The lady's husband had died from a fall from his horse, and the parties were married. But, what rendered this circumstance still more strange is, that a similar presentiment was experienced by the young lady, who, on returning from the ball, mentioned to her sister, with such emotion, that she had danced with a stranger to whom she felt convinced that she was destined to be married. The conviction embittered every moment of her life, as, despite her most strenuous endeavors, she could not dismiss the stranger from her constant thoughts, reluctantly yielding to the hope of seeing him again.

A False Marriage.—Perhaps the severest form of human sorrow—that which most nearly approaches the slow gnawing agony of him fixed hopeless on the immovable rock—arises from marriage in which there was never any friendship, but the original bond was earthly passion, arrogating to itself, with the impudent lie of a harlot, the heavenly name of love. It is only base natures that are beguiled by the vulgar glare of gold, natures incapable of lofty joy or acute sorrow. But passion is a syren of more willing song—of more fatally charming lure; the impulsive, the noble, fall a victim to her, and, after a short, delirious dream, awake to a life of hopeless misery. Friendship and love must unite in every married union where happiness can reasonably be expected or truly deserved; and from friendship we mean an affection arising from pure sympathy of spirit, independent of aught else. Let none look for happiness in marriage who are unable deliberately and firmly to declare that it would be a happiness to live together for life, though they were of the same sex. We state this with some breadth, and do so with consideration; we point to a hidden rock round which the ocean seems to smile in sunny calm, but on which many a noble bark has perished.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

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TERMS, &c.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss S. E. S. We are not able to say how soon Religio Christi will be published in book form, though we judge it will be ultimately. It depends somewhat upon the discernment of the book-publishers.

Respectfully declined:—"The Promised Land;" "To My Mother;" "Sister May;" "Morning Glories;" "Mes Adieux;" "Sunset Thoughts."

A Correspondent wants a receipt for making Transparent Soap. The only one we know is Mrs. Hale's:—Put into a bottle Windsor soap cut into thin shavings; half fill with spirits of wine, and set it near the fire till the soap be dissolved; then pour it into a mould to cool.

A Subscriber asks if Great Britain absolves her subjects from their allegiance on their being naturalised in these States. We believe the theory of the British polity is that a subject is never free from his allegiance. Practically we suppose the theory amounts to nothing,—unless a naturalised "subject" wishes to resume his allegiance, when, we suppose, he does it unquestioned.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic Telegraph has again made a failure, and everybody is regretful, if not disappointed. It appears that when the squadron was about a thousand miles west of Ireland, a heavy gale came on, in which the Agamemnon capsized a portion of her cable, which, in the effort to get it right, got what is technically termed a kink—the probable cause of the subsequent disaster. The weather was fine, and everything looked promising, when the two vessels—the Agamemnon and the Niagara—joined the ends of the cable in mid-ocean, and paying it out, steered away, the Agamemnon east toward Ireland, the Niagara west toward Newfoundland. The signals between the two ships went on without intermission until the 29th of June, when the superintendents on board the Niagara found that the signals had ceased, and knew that the cable had parted. To test the strength of the cable, the Niagara was allowed to swing to it for an hour, and although a fresh wind was blowing, the immense vessel was held as if she had been at anchor. Finally, a sudden pitch of the sea snapped the wire, and the Niagara sailed away to Queenstown (formerly Cork) harbor. It had been previously arranged that both vessels should return to Queenstown in case the cable snapped when either had payed out a hundred miles; and as they were two hundred and fifty miles apart when the accident happened, the Niagara steered to the appointed port. The Agamemnon, however, not having arrived at Queenstown, although her destination was to that harbor, it was conjectured that she might not have payed overboard her hundred miles of coil when the break occurred, and so may have returned to the place of rendezvous in mid-ocean—her non-arrival at Queenstown being thus accounted for.

It was thought by the chief electricians on board the Niagara, that the break occurred on board the Agamemnon, which would only imply some defect in the machinery, and thus leave much hope of the ultimate success of the undertaking. If on the other hand, it is found that the cable parted at the bottom of the sea, the circumstance, it is thought, will go far to deter the directors from the further prosecution of the enterprise. Perhaps the present trial, however, is not yet at an end, for the directors may decide when the Agamemnon arrives, that both vessels shall return to the mid-ocean, effect a new junction and try again. The Niagara had still on board 1,300 miles of the cable, which, allowing that the other vessel has still an equal amount, would still permit the enterprise to proceed, and leave 30 per cent. for casualties. Whether the present effort is to be renewed, we shall know shortly.

The vessels met with very rough weather on their way to the station. When three days out, a tremendous gale came on, which lasted nine days. On the seventh day of the gale the Agamemnon was in great danger. Her coal got adrift and a coil of the cable shifted, the strain forcing open her water-ways and breaking one of her ports. Two of her sailors were severely injured, and a marine lost his reason from fright. After the junction was effected, the cable broke on board the Niagara when the vessels were two and a half miles apart. The splice having been renewed, the cable was again payed out, and again broke—this time at the bottom—when the vessels were forty miles asunder. The third breakage was the end of the enterprise—unless, indeed, the Niagara returns and the trial recommences, which of course is doubtful, though the interests involved are so great, as to incline every one to believe that this may be done.

In the event of the enterprise being finally abandoned, two routes are still open, each offering some hopes of success. The first is across our own territories to the Pacific coast, and thence up into the Russian possessions and across Behring's Straits over the Eastern hemisphere. The advantage of this route, so far as success is concerned, is the short distance of the submarine line necessary—Behring's Straits being only forty miles wide. The other route is the one advocated by Mr. T. P. Shaffner, in aid of which a meeting of stockholders of various telegraph lines was recently held in Philadelphia. This route, in which the projectors, it is averred, have the most entire confidence, is from New York to the coast of Labrador, across Davis's Straits to Greenland, from thence to Iceland, then to the Faro Isles, then to Scotland, and on to London. The total distance of submarine cable required for this project will be 1,966 miles, in several lengths of 460, 390, 272, and 190 miles—656 miles, or 50 per cent. being allowed for the stock of cable in the ocean. The total distance of the land lines required will be 2,430 miles—amounting in all to 4,398 miles from New York to London. This is 762 miles less than is required by the present Transatlantic line.

It is said that the projectors of this route were so confident of the inevitable failure of the present Transatlantic enterprise, that they despatched an agent to Europe to ascertain whether the same facilities for furthering their own project, offered on a former occasion, could now be obtained. The *Journal of Commerce* states that the respective governments of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Russia, have already engaged with Mr. Shaffner to extend "all the material and necessary aid for the sure, certain and unhindered communication to and from all nations." This seems to augur the speedy attempt to carry this project into execution. The arguments urged in favor of this route are, that the electric currents will meet with less retardation on account of the shortness of the electric circuits; that if any one section of the line fails the rest will remain intact; and that the circumstance of the line consisting of distinct subdivisions, each with its own station, is favorable to its being kept in proper order and control. On the whole the probabilities in favor of this route are great, and it seems more than possible that either by this, or by Bhering's Straits, the inter hemispheric telegraph will be laid. Another route has been proposed across the South Atlantic via the Azores, a distance of five thousand miles, but this suggests objections similar to those preferred against the present plan. The less water the cable has to pass through the better, since Father Neptune seems decidedly jealous of any telegraphic highway being made through his dominions, and will probably be more placable to the enterprise if it proceeds "by a route obscure and lonely" through the by-paths and odd corners of his watery domain.

EDITORIAL ETHICS.

The New York papers seem to be sadly deficient in fairness towards each other and the public. Some time ago the *Tribune* asserted that it was publishing Thackeray's new novel from an English copy: but the Harpers showed on two occasions, that certain alterations made by them in the copy for their magazine, were copied word for word by the *Tribune*. As the *Tribune* never explained the matter satisfactorily, but simply took refuge in badinage, it was hard to avoid the inference that it was saying one thing, and doing another.

Another case. "*Harper's Weekly*" recently published a biographical account of Mr. Bennett, the editor of the *Herald*, in which it professed to quote from the *Times* a highly eulogistic opinion of Mr. Bennett. The *Times* denied ever having used such language. Whereupon the *Weekly* admits that it was in the letter of a Washington "correspondent" that said language occurred, but persists in holding the *Times* responsible for it, for the following reason:—

The "letter of an Occasional Correspondent" was written by one of the regular writers for the *Times*, in the discharge of his salaried duties, was submitted to, and received the sanction of the editor-in-chief. To pretend that the *Times's* responsibility for such an article could be evaded by printing at its head "Washington, D. C.," is rather a good joke.

Now we think that the editorial profession in general will agree with us in saying that *Harper's Weekly* is clearly wrong in this matter. Even if the editor-in-chief of the *Times* had written the Washington correspondence himself, it would not have made any difference. For what appears in the editorial columns of a paper, the paper is responsible, no matter who writes the article in dispute—and to say that the *Times* says this or that, conveys the impression that the *Times* says so in an editorial article; and not that a Washington letter in that paper says it. In the case before us, the eulogy in question should have been credited to the "Washington correspondent of the *Times*;" but probably this would not have answered the purposes of the writer.

The papers of this city are frequently jeered by their New York contemporaries for their "slowness"—but we trust they will continue "slow" in certain directions.

Preachers' Salaries.—Of the whole number of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Conference, twenty-nine got over $500, forty-two got between $400 and $500, forty-five got between $300 and $400, twenty-four got between $200 and $300, and thirty got less than $200. The total amount paid to one hundred and seventy preachers was $62,542 66, including house rent and travelling expenses, which would average $367 90 for each preacher.

The Scripture says, "thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." There would not seem to be much need of muzzling the oxen in the above case, the quantity of corn thrown down before them being so trifling. Probably their congregations think that worldly trials and sorrows are calculated to purify the spirit, and therefore take the proper course to ensure their spiritual advisers a pretty plentiful supply of them. If preachers are not expected to get married, we think a salary of $367 90 apiece is sufficient. But if they are expected to marry and have children, and yet not to enter into any worldly business for the support of their families, but to devote themselves exclusively to spiritual affairs, then we think a little more liberality on the part of their congregations would be commendable. There are very few men of the requisite ability and information to be preachers, who could not earn at least $500 a year.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

An English writer (G. W. Thornbury) rather compliments the French at the expense of his own countrymen, as follows:—

A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite; an Englishman to regret the trouble it costs him. An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sullen, and impatient; the Frenchman's desire to please seems strengthened by habit. His back is India-rubber, his hams caoutchouc; his hat-brim is metallic, and looks never the shabbier for repeated handling. His courtesy at the first meeting does not imply eternal friendship, yet is as sincere as the cold, cautious bend of the Englishman. John Bull, if he can, considers it a clear gain to slip round a corner and escape shaking hands: Monsieur waits ten minutes at a *café* door in hope of meeting a friend. * * * * Long ages of trying to please has made a Frenchman disposed to bow upon very small provocation—too small, we think. Long ages of stiff-neckedness and doggedness have made us rather inclined to break than to bend. If you shake up a Frenchman from a sleep, the first word that he murmurs will probably be "*merci!*" I should be very sorry to repeat the exclamation that a surly Englishman would most likely utter. We regret to say it, but duty impels us, French politeness is an instinct, English politeness a lesson badly learnt."

Such is the general opinion of those Americans who visit both countries as tourists. In nine cases out of ten, we judge, Paris and the French are greatly preferred to London and the English. "Paris is so gay, and the French are so cheerful and polite—while London is so dull, and the English so gruff and surly"—such is the constant verdict of the tourist.

And yet there is another verdict—that of Americans who have not rapidly skimmed through, but passed many years in both countries. England and the English, they aver, *wear* the best. The French politeness, and the English surliness, are both found to be a little more of the outside than was at first apprehended—and as time develops the real character, the inner grain, strangers are apt to learn the value of that maxim which warns us against being deceived by a showy outside and a first appearance.

In conversation the other day with an American who had spent some twelve or thirteen years in France, and paid several visits to England, he commented upon this subject. He said that the French were all that could be desired so long as *professions* of esteem only were wanted—but that when *action* was required, he much preferred to trust to the English. Both, he said, would always disappoint an American visitor—the Frenchman, because he would express so much, and perform so little; and the Englishman, because he would receive his visitor apparently so coldly and gruffly, and yet *do* so much for him. He therefore gave the preference decidedly to the English.

Probably there is considerable truth in this view, and yet we always make mistakes when we are too absolute in our classifications. That there is a general national character in every people is undeniable—and yet one Frenchman, or one Englishman, is not as much like another as a pea is like a pea. It is too much the practice of travellers to forget this—as the English tourist did who is said to have seen a red-headed girl in passing swiftly through New Jersey on his route from New York to Philadelphia, and thereupon recorded in his note-book that all the Jersey ladies were red-haired. Doubtless there are many sincere and earnest Frenchmen as well as many insincere and frivolous ones; and many Englishmen who are just as surly and selfish in their inmost hearts, as their outside appearance indicates. And even when the great majority of a nation are mean and ignoble, there are always a noble few, whose virtues not only *seem* the brighter for the moral darkness around them, but sometimes even *are* the brighter, having stood the trial of manifold temptations—and, for the sake of these alone, we should hesitate to pass too severe a judgment upon any people, lest we do an injustice to those, of whom not only their own nation, but the world itself, is unworthy.

The Sons of Malta.—Our city was somewhat enlivened last week by the meeting of the "Sons of Malta," a new institution in this country, though an ancient one, it is said, in the old world. Curiously enough, as it has been observed, the order takes its name from the "Knights of Malta," who scrupulously adhered to "single blessedness," and therefore, it is fairly to be inferred, left no sons at all. We learn from a contemporary, that "In England, the office of Grand Commander is held by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Albert condescends to perform the no less arduous and important duties of G. R. J. A. In the United States, Mr. Breckenridge, the Vice President, is Grand Commander, and Hon. S. A. Douglas, is G. R. J. A. Indeed, throughout Europe the order is hailed as one of the democratic features of the age, while prince and peasant and *parvenu*, within its sacred precincts, meet upon a common recognition of the universal brotherhood. Its offices have been dignified by men of the noblest ancestry and the highest cultivation, and take it altogether, the Order bids fair to prove an important adjunct to the present order of Free Masonry."

Our Federal Family.—The admission of Minnesota made the number of States *thirty-two*—all makers of flags will please remember therefore that thirty-two stars is now the proper number, although space had better be left for one or two more, as it doubtless will soon be needed. It is curious to observe by the following table of the dates of admission, since the formation of the Union by the "old thirteen," how the Free and Slave States have generally been admitted in couples:

Vermont,	1791	Missouri,	1821
Kentucky,	1792	Michigan,	1836
Tennessee,	1796	Arkansas,	1836
Ohio,	1802	Iowa,	1845
Louisiana,	1811	Florida,	1845
Indiana,	1816	Texas,	1846
Mississippi,	1817	Wisconsin,	1848
Illinois,	1818	California,	1850
Alabama,	1819	Minnesota,	1858
Maine,	1820		

☞ There are seven hundred cells in the Ohio Penitentiary, and six hundred and ninety-nine convicts, leaving only one cell vacant.

The above is a curious illustration of the often referred to law of political economy, that "the supply is always equal to the demand."

The Late General Quitman.—The *Washington Star* apprehends that there is a mistake in the account attributing the death of General Quitman to "the National Hotel disease." It says:—

During his whole sojourn of a large portion of years past in this city, we saw him daily, and were not aware that he attributed the gradual failure of his strength to any such cause. Nor do we remember that he ever was a guest of the National. His ailing, if we comprehend it correctly, was simply a decay or wearing out of the constitution consequent on the fact that he had lived the time during which his delicate organization could last. His habits of life were always remarkably prudent; as though he was well aware that to prolong his life, it was necessary for him to guard them carefully.

The *Vicksburg True Southron*, on the other hand, which ought to know the real state of the case, says that the General had not a well hour since that fatal day when he dined at the National Hotel—and which dinner caused the death of thirty-one persons, and the health of sixty or seventy more.

According to the *Star*, the *National* is now in *good odor* again, if we may be allowed the expression, and is extensively patronized. The *Star* traces the disease to the accumulations of twenty years in the extensive cellars, and the imperfect drainage and ventilation; since these things have been rectified, it says, "the guests of no other hotel in the United States have enjoyed better health."

We apprehend, however, that the cause of so much mischief still remains a mystery—a mystery, perhaps, that will not bear too much examination, judging from the manner in which it seems to have been slurred over by the authorities of Washington City.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Mobile Tribune mentions the elopement of an heiress (the only child of a wealthy old merchant, who had worked his way up from the lowest state of poverty) with a Spanish music teacher.

We do not like elopements, thinking them generally entirely unjustifiable. On the other hand, *if*, in the above case, the Spanish music-teacher was worthy of the wealthy old merchant's daughter, why interpose any serious obstacle to their union? The music-master was poor, but then the old gentleman also had been very poor, say forty years before—and marriage is one way doubtless by which the wealth of the world is intended to be equalized.

As to the particulars of the above case, of course we know nothing, beyond what we read in the paragraph we have quoted. The music-teacher may have been a worthless character, or, if no worse, a mere adventurer and fortune hunter; if so, of course the old merchant was right in refusing him his daughter's hand. We only mean to say, that *if* said music teacher was all he should be, minus the money—if his character and reputation had been well inquired into, and were found to be such that no fault could be reasonably found with them—we think the old merchant (who had himself "worked his way up from the lowest stage of poverty") should not have compelled his daughter to an elopement: but, after due remonstrances and fitting delay, finding young miss obstinate, called in the parson or magistrate himself, and had the whole matter done decently and in good order.

Of course our whole argument is based upon an *if*, still, we think, it contains wise counsel.

"The Empire is Peace."—This saying of Louis Napoleon's seems to be receiving a fresh illustration. Queen Victoria's presence at Cherbourg, appears to be designed as a proof to all men that the alliance between France and England is still close and cordial. The preparations for the Queen's reception are represented as being magnificent; and the *Gazette de France* remarks that "the presence of Queen Victoria on French territory, after recent dissensions, will excite a deep sensation, and have an immense significance: it will be considered as a pledge of a new alliance."

And then as to Austria, against whom it has been supposed that the recent warlike preparations of France were directed, the *Independance Belge* says that M. De Beckern, Senator of France, has been sent to Vienna, charged confidentially to offer to Count Buol explanations of the policy of the French government, with a view of removing the misunderstanding which has for some time subsisted between the two governments. The same paper further says that Count Walewski has prepared a circular dispatch professing generally the most pacific intentions on the part of the French government.

Then again we have statements that the late despotic policy is to be relaxed in France, and that some degree of liberty is to be restored to the press. A number of political exiles also have been allowed to return to their homes. Can it be that Louis Napoleon, finding he has been holding too tight a rein, has resolved to try the effect of an opposite policy? We shall see.

Decreased Consumption of Champagne.—The *Courrier de Rheims* complains that the consumption of champagne wine has of late years, been on the decline, and in proof of it states that whereas in 1856–'57, 11,420,198 bottles were exported, and 2,468,818 sold in France, in 1857–'58, only 7,368,310 were exported, and 2,421,454 were sold in France. In the former year the total was 13,959,016 bottles, and in the latter only 9,789,764.

The consumption of champagne has probably increased in this country—but then the domestic article, made of Jersey and other *cider*, has taken the place of the foreign to a great extent.

Then we have "native" wines, which are taking the place of the foreign; for the production of these "native" wines is enormous. For instance, as we understand, an Ohio vineyard, whose vines will produce say a thousand gallons a year, always contrives to sell from five to ten times that quantity, of the genuine "native" article.

They say that a Western wine-maker will supply you with any kind of wine you want—his grapes are so varied and peculiar.

If there is any other way of getting pure wine, or pure beer—or even pure vinegar—in this country, than by making it yourself, we are not acquainted with the process. We believe that rascality and deception have taken such a hold upon the general heart, that to get anything pure at second hand—except, perhaps, "pure devilry"—is simply an impossibility.

Mr. Rarey's Secret.—By an article from *The London Field*, which the reader will find in our paper this week, it will be seen that Mr. Rarey's secret proves to be that of tying up one of the horse's fore feet, as already referred to. It appears, further, that this is no new discovery, having been known to the English breakers for a long time, but preserved as one of the secrets of the trade. That, in the hands of common men, it can be turned to very great account, is somewhat doubtful. What the *Field* says as to the inexpediency of a too sudden breaking, in view of its not producing a good mouth, is probably more true as to horses destined for the saddle than for driving. As horses are generally driven by the "fast" men in this country, a good mouth seems to be considered no object. They appear to wish a mouth that will bear such a pull as might safely be given to a stone wall. But now that the secret is known, experience will soon convince our breakers, farmers and others of its value or worthlessness.

We may add, that the secret being made public by the publication of Mr. Rarey's pamphlet, Mr. Rarey, in a letter to the *Times*, releases his subscribers from their pledge of secresy. He is said to have realized from £15,000 to £20,000.

A Praiseworthy Enterprise.—Thus we are disposed to name the project now afoot to colonize the socialists and free lovers of this country on one of the islands in the South Pacific ocean. The regular organization to promote this colonization scheme, is headed by a man named Tyler, formerly a Methodist clergyman. Frequent meetings, it is said, are being held in New York, and the projectors are sanguine of the success of their enterprise. Those spiritualists who add free-love to their spiritualistic views, are said to be also interested in the project. Of course we wish them every success in this undertaking—about the only thing probably that we should be apt to agree with them in. Now, if Brigham Young and his followers would only come to a similar determination, they might have our good wishes also.

"The world is all before them where to choose—
And"—old Nicholas, probably—"their guide!"

Oregon.—An Oregon subscriber, writing under date of May 23rd, says:—

"We have had splendid rains here from the 15th to the 20th instant. Crops look fine; the grasshopper has not appeared this season. Our election is drawing near, and there are plenty of candidates; three parties, Democrats, Natives and Republicans. I have been a reader of the Saturday Evening Post, at intervals, for twenty-three years. I read it in Indiana and Illinois, and now read it in Oregon, and I never get tired of it, not even after I have read it through. I sometimes read the greater portion the second or third time. Although I do not consider myself a novel reader, yet I cannot get round reading the most of yours. The reason I like your paper better than any other is because it seems to me you aim at Truth."

We do not deny that we were pleased when we read the complimentary remarks in the latter part of the above.

OUR COLLEGES.

A correspondent at Lafayette, Indiana, writes us as follows:—

Dear Mr. Editor:—An old subscriber would most respectfully make a few inquiries, and begs as extensive and accurate a reply as you may be able to give.

To what college, academy or private institution in the United States can I send a boy, where he can graduate without being compelled to take a course in Latin and Greek, but may substitute for the same, French, German or Spanish?

At Harvard and many other excellent institutions of the East, the principal modern languages are taught, and the student has the privilege of studying them in preference to the ancient languages, *after the completion of the sophomore year*, when he has spent three or four years in studying Greek and Latin. Thus the preference is always given to dead languages, and a mere option offered after a certain time.

The Free Academy, of New York, approaches more nearly to the institution I wish than any other I know, but there are certain requisites for admission to that, with which, if you are not a resident of the city, you cannot comply.

Is it not most astonishing, that in our practical age and country everything moves on under the influence of modern improvement and progress but its institutions of learning?

The smallest advance in favor of modern languages and practical mathematics is yielded most grudgingly and unwillingly. L.

[Note: Our knowledge of the colleges of the country is too limited to give the above an answer. Perhaps some one of our readers can do it.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A CHEAP WAY TO MAKE ROSEWATER.

Washington, Ohio, July 20th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post: I see in a recent number of your paper you desire a cheap method of making rosewater. I will give you mine. It is simple, cheap, and, I think, the best:—Gather the rose leaves (the morning while the dew is on them is the best time), lay them on a smooth board, take the rolling-pin and bruise them well, put them in a glass bottle, fill it up with good whiskey or brandy, shake well, cork tight, and stand in the sun for ten or twelve days; it is then fit for use. While in the sun it should be shaken up once a day, and if the liquor evaporates, fill it up. It must be kept in a dark cupboard or closet, and after using the water down to the leaves, it can be filled up with liquor four or five times before renewing with new leaves. Yours, etc.,

C. Baumgarten.

☞ Many men are far too courteous, and thereby lose the consideration in which they might otherwise stand. An excessively polite Frenchman once said to an Englishman, "If I were not a Frenchman I should like to be an Englishman." The Englishman very dryly answered, "If I were not an Englishman, I should like to be one." In these two utterances do we not find the exaggerated politeness of the Frenchman and the self-esteem and strict love of truth of the Englishman?—*Auerbach.*

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[Note: Our knowledge of the colleges of the country is too limited to give the above an answer. Perhaps some one of our readers can do it.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A CHEAP WAY TO MAKE ROSEWATER.

Washington, Ohio, July 20th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post: I see in a recent number of your paper you desire a cheap method of making rosewater. I will give you mine. It is simple, cheap, and, I think, the best:—Gather the rose leaves (the morning while the dew is on them is the best time), lay them on a smooth board, take the rolling-pin and bruise them well, put them in a glass bottle, fill it up with good whiskey or brandy, shake well, cork tight, and stand in the sun for ten or twelve days; it is then fit for use. While in the sun it should be shaken up once a day, and if the liquor evaporates, fill it up. It must be kept in a dark cupboard or closet, and after using the water down to the leaves, it can be filled up with liquor four or five times before renewing with new leaves. Yours, etc.,

C. Baumgarten.

☞ Many men are far too courteous, and thereby lose the consideration in which they might otherwise stand. An excessively polite Frenchman once said to an Englishman, "If I were not a Frenchman I should like to be an Englishman." The Englishman very dryly answered, "If I were not an Englishman, I should like to be one." In these two utterances do we not find the exaggerated politeness of the Frenchman and the self-esteem and strict love of truth of the Englishman?—*Auerbach.*

The Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor, by William E. Burton, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is the result of a novel and happy conception, felicitously wrought out in two large volumes, containing choice and characteristic selections from the writings of the most eminent humorists of America, Ireland, Scotland and England. The work is embellished with twenty-four portraits on steel, of distinguished humorists, together with several hundred wood engravings, illustrative of the text, from the pencils of Cruikshank, Leech, Darley, Seymour, Hine, Kenny Meadows, D. C. Johnson, Crowquill and Stephens. Our readers can infer what a vast fund of amusement must be contained in a work of this size and scope, with such an editor, and with such accessories. To theatre-goers, Mr. Burton is well known as an extraordinary comedian, and his capacity to render to the public the humor of others, implies a perception of the humorous which must naturally have enriched these volumes with the happiest selections.

NEWS ITEMS.

Interesting to those who "Board."—Kossuth.—Mr. Kossuth, the Hungarian, wrote a letter to a member of the British Parliament, dated Pittsburg, January 22, 1852, which has just found the light. It commences: "*Dear Sir*—You have heard of the reception I met with in America. *They have bored me with triumphant entries and invitations and addresses; but by submitting to this annoying part of my mission* I had the opportunity of drawing their attention to their foreign policy."

A Female Casabianaca.—Among the passengers lost on the ill-fated Pennsylvania, was an old lady, who, after seeing her husband and children instantly killed, refused to be rescued from the wreck. She replied, when aid was offered her, that she had nothing to live for now, and preferred to share the same fate that had befallen her family. She had been blinded by the flying fragments, and was suffering much pain, yet she would not receive any assistance, but stood still on the wreck, and perished in the flames. We have this statement from a well-known citizen of Jeffersonville.—*New Albany Tribune.*

A colored servant, alluded to in the Dudley Albany Observatory controversy as having great influence over Mrs. Dudley, is William Dietz, a pure African negro. He has the entire care of her property, valued at over a million of dollars.

Yankee Music for Turkey.—An order has been given and filled through Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Mayor of Boston, by His Excellency Admiral Mohammed Pacha, to furnish the national music of America for the army and navy of the Sultan of Turkey.

Among the patents lately issued is one to a boy of fourteen, E. Trumbull, of Springfield, Ohio, for an improved locomotive whistle.

There is good reason to believe, from recently received information, that our government is now in a fair way to acquire the Island of Cuba. This is derived from an unquestionable source.

A bale of Sea Island cotton weighs 333 pounds, and measures 33 cubic feet, while a bale of East India cotton weighs 383 pounds, and only measures 15 cubic feet. What makes this great difference in cubic proportions?

"All is Not Gold that Glitters."—The Dubuque (Iowa) Express and Herald has received specimens of so-called gold from Audubon county, which turn out to be simply sulphate of copper—glittering something like gold, but utterly worthless.

Caution to Divers.—S. S. West, of Palmyra, New York, while bathing, recently, at Marquette, Wisconsin, dived headforemost from a pier, striking the bottom with such force as to cause paralysis of the whole body, from the injury received by the spine. He died in a few days.

The Boston matrimonial register shows that, during the last year, there have been no less than sixty amalgamation marriages, and, singular to say, they were all white women with black or colored men; in no instance has a white man been registered as having taken to wife a colored woman. The white ladies of Boston and thereabouts have singular tastes.—*New York Dispatch.*

A Parisian maker of Paris is said to have originated an invention that excites some alarm. He refuses to sell it to the Emperor. He is a sturdy republican, and dares to say, "It is a means of defence, and not of attack; it cannot be of the same use to government as it may one day become to us. I would sooner send it to England, if she should ever be invaded by Louis Napoleon, than give up the secret for a despotic purpose." The matter of which the new means of defence is composed appears to be a certain liquid, which being spilled upon the ground, flames so fiercely that the stoutest war horse draws back at the sight of the fire. Several experiments have been made at Vincennes, in order to detect the substance, but unavailingly.

Opportunities.—Some wag, writing from Cairo, Ill., since the subsiding of the flood, says there are now in that city 452 distinct and different smells, *and several Wards yet to hear from!*

Crops in Indiana.—The Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel thinks that, on the whole, the crop of wheat in the State will exceed that of last year. In Laporte county alone it is estimated there will be a surplus of 700,000 bushels for shipment. The grass crop is fine all over the State. Oats are unequal; in some localities an average crop, while in others there is almost a total failure.

A New Tribe in Australia.—The discovery of a new tribe of aborigines is thus reported in the Sydney Empire:—"A gentleman who, in May last, was at a remote station down the Balonne, called Goooe, about one hundred miles below Surat, fell in with four blacks who had come to the Balonne a few days previous, and who appeared to belong to a tribe unknown to white men. They presented the remarkable peculiarity of being entirely without hair, and they stated that neither the males nor females of their tribe had hair on their bodies at any period of life. Their complete baldness gave them a strange unearthly appearance, at which it is said the Balonne blacks were at first very much terrified.

A Female Pirate.—The Cleveland Herald states that the discovery has been made that a woman who is known by the soubriquet of "Mother Keys," is the head and front of a gang of river and wharf pirates, who have levied unlawful tribute on the Ohio. She was in the habit of assuming male attire, when going out upon her nocturnal raids; and is supposed to have quite a numerous gang of men under her control. Among their plunder was $500 worth of gin, the barrels only being recovered.

More Work for the Lawyers.—The descendants of Governor Hutchinson and Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, of England, are about to institute suits for the recovery of a large amount of real estate in Boston, which they hold belongs to them under the 9th article of the treaty of 1794. The controversy is said to involve a number of nice questions of public and real property law.

What's in a Name?—An ornithological committee on poultry was last week appointed for the Maryland State Agricultural Society, by Mr. Merryman, the President. The names of the committee-men were Parrott, Dove, Partridge, Bird and Robin.

Some of the telegraph stations in Newfoundland are twenty miles from any habitable place, and the operators live in a state of original simplicity. They are well posted up in news matters, and know all about the prices of the cotton market.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

COMPLAINTS OF THE FARMERS—ACTION AND RE-ACTION—SCIENTIFIC DOINGS—POETS AND PHILANTHROPISTS—A NEW INVENTION—A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A SPECULATOR.

Paris, July 1, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Farmers and market-gardeners are still crying out for rain; the drought being injurious to crops of every kind, though the temperature has been lower for a week past. The Emperor has conveyed his rheumatisms to Plombieres, whose waters are become "a rage" among those afflicted with that malady, since the patronage bestowed on them by his Imperial Majesty. The Empress, meantime, is whiling away the absence of her "lord and master" in the lovely solitudes of St. Cloud, with the rapidly-growing young gentleman who, as yet, is the sole representative of "the children of France," in whose name, and for whose benefit, the Gardens of the Tuileries are now being pulled to pieces, with a view to the railing off of a large area in front of the palace, for their infantile feet to run about in.

Palaces and palace-gardens are really such lovely places that one cannot but hope the time may come when all Heaven's sons and daughters may inhabit them, instead of the dwellings which are so prosaic and so ugly, even for the rich;—so hideous and every way demoralizing for the poor; a reflection suggested by the pilgrimages I have just been making among the royal residences in the neighborhood of Paris, having been pounced upon by friends from your side of the water, and dragged off, for about the fortieth time, to enact the part of "Cicerone" among their splendors. Long suites of large and lofty rooms, with ample windows looking out on all manner of loveliness, and filled with the most beautiful, artistic, and delicate objects, ought surely to exercise a refining, widening, and ennobling action on the feelings and thoughts of their occupants, were the latter there, not in virtue of the artificial distinctions of station, but as component parts of a refined and progressive humanity; the artificers of their own happy fortunes, and regarding Beauty, in all its infinite manifestations, as a revelation of the ever-present Divinity, "in whom," as the old poet so sublimely expresses the unfathomable mystery of Creation, "we all live, move, and have our being." The action of such a dwelling-place, for instance, as the *Grand Trianon*—that lovely retiring-place to which Marie Antoinette and the immediate members of the royal family used to betake themselves whenever they wished to lay aside the burdensome etiquette of the Court, and luxuriate in the quiet enjoyment of country life,—ought surely to tend to exalt and purify the mind and feelings of its inmates. How far it was wise and right for the heads of the nation thus to enjoy themselves when the mass of the people was being driven to desperation by hunger and disorder, is another question; I allude here to the great beauty of this gem of a palace, and the effect naturally produced on the mind by a surrounding so tasteful, so refined, so simple, elegant and beautiful. After the gorgeous and almost fatiguing splendor and vastness of Versailles, the atmosphere of quiet loveliness diffused through both the Trianons, comes upon one like a dream of fairy-land. Who that has ever gone through these charming little dwellings will have forgotten the out-look of the library, in the Grand Trianon, down the green vistas of the lofty alleys of arching trees, and out on the little green lawn, that seem as though no sound or shade of sorrow could ever have found their way into so calm and fair an Eden? or the shadowy peacefulness that seems to pervade the private study of Louis XVI. in the Petit Trianon, and the tiny gem of a boudoir opening out of it, where his fair and unfortunate wife passed so many quiet mornings with her fair children playing on the turf outside its window? If it be proved, by sad experience, that life is generally debased by ignoble conditions of habitation and surroundings, by dirt, disorder, ugliness, and precariousness, and by the absence of all artistic and poetic refinement, does it not appear probable that the ennobling and refining of these physical conditions would exercise an ennobling and refining influence upon the human race?

But this subject would lead me too far; so instead of speculating on the details of the good time coming, let me chronicle one of the items in the sum of scientific progress, whose multifarious elements are no doubt destined to blossom out in fuller luxuriance at some future period.

A day or two ago, much interest was excited by the experimentation, in the Seine, at the Tuileries Bridge, of a new apparatus called the Scaphander, destined to aid humanity in the realization of one of its favorite dreams, that of moving at will in the element of the fishes. This apparatus is very simple, consisting only of a covering for the head, made of metal, with small glass windows for the eyes, and retained in its place by a metal band which encircles the head. The weight of the apparatus is about eighty pounds; and it is said to suffice to keep its wearer steadily under the water, but without impeding his movement by any conscious sensation of weight. Two men supply the diver with air by means of an India-rubber tube, whose lower end is inserted into the head-gear, fed from a small pump of ingenious construction. The air thus forced into the apparatus suffices to keep out the water; and the diver breathes with as much freedom as on *terra firma*. The diver in question went down to the bed of the river, which is now twenty feet deep at the bridge, walked about under the water, and brought up a number of objects found there, among others a stone weighing about a hundred weight. Being a good swimmer, the diver took off his *scaphander* under the water, and made his appearance bareheaded, and in triumph, at the surface of the river; he then put it on again, and having bowed to the spectators, who cheered him enthusiastically, went down again for another walk under the water.

In token of their appreciation of the generosity and amiability of his character, and the humanizing tendency of his writings, the Society for the Protection of Animals has just voted a silver-gilt medal to M. de Lamartine. The poet has responded in a beautiful letter, telling the Society that he accepts their award with great pleasure, and after assuring them of his sympathy with their views, expatiates on the relations of man to the animal kingdom. "What matters," he exclaims, "the form, organization, or names of animated beings? Whatever thinks, possesses intelligence; whatever feels, possesses the gift of sentience; whatever loves, has a right to be loved; whatever suffers, has a claim to pity. There is neither break nor gap in the scale of created beings, which rises by graduated ascension from the brute to man. Man is at the summit of the ladder, on this earth: but below him he has a whole family of adoptive relatives, fellow denizens with him of the common country of which he is undoubtedly the king, but ought not to be the tyrant. Justice is not only a divinely-ordained relationship between man and man, but also between man and the animals: a sin against justice is a sin against God. When we act justly towards the animal creation, we have, in the inferior animals, servants and friends; when we make an abuse of our pre-eminence and sovereignty, they become our victims, and as is always the case with tyrants, we are perverted by our own tyranny. Between brutality towards an animal and ferocity towards our fellow men, there is no other difference than the quality of the victim. To cause the animal kingdom to be comprehended in the circle of our duty and our kindness, is to ameliorate the character and nature of humanity itself."

Much interest is felt by all who are connected with agriculture, in an invention just brought out by a M. Bouchon, of Ferté-sous-Jarre; a little portable mill for grinding grain, which expects to drive village wind-mills quite out of existence. This mill is about five feet in diameter, by seven and a half high; the stones are scarcely two feet in diameter; and the concern may be placed in the corner of a barn, or any out-of-the-way place, and set in motion by a couple of horses, or an equivalent force, whenever its services are required. It is capable of grinding two *hectolitres* of wheat per hour; and yields eighty-seven per cent. of flour. Farmers may thus, on rainy or idle days, grind up their wheat, with perfect ease, on their own premises. The little mill has just been exhibited at an agricultural exhibition, and is thought to be a very promising invention.

To return to the subject of palaces and the influence of external surroundings alluded to in the beginning of my letter, it is evident that if the raising of the lead for humanity, considered as one great family, be a Providential means and result of progress, the "making haste to be rich," on the part of individuals, and with no better aim than mere individual aggrandizement, so common in our day, is exceedingly demoralizing; exercising an unfavorable influence on private character, though not without a certain temporary and relative usefulness to society, whose activities are stimulated, and whose means of action are increased, by the enterprises set on foot by men impatient to be *millionaires*. As an illustration of the feverish thirst for gold that has seized on Paris, the histories of some of its great money-lords would be far from being uninteresting. Take, for instance, the career of M. Millaud, who has lately purchased *La Presse*, formerly under the control of De Girardin, and has indirectly the control of two or three other newspapers, besides being engaged in immense commercial enterprises from which he makes enormous sums.

M. Millaud is of Jewish family, a native of Bordeaux, and began life without a farthing. Insatiable in his dreams of wealth, he determined to come to Paris; and though detained for some years in Bordeaux by his poverty, he at length scraped together money enough for the journey.

Before he left, he called on an uncle who had some money, and proposed to him the following arrangement: If any sudden rise or fall of the funds took place, he was to inform the uncle by telegraph; on which the latter would operate accordingly, and the gains thus secured were to be shared equally between the two. How the young man was to get command of the telegraph, was not explained; but the bargain was concluded; the youth assuring his uncle that he had a plan in his head for obtaining the services of the telegraph, which was then under the sole command of the Government, and never used for private despatches.

"If you get a message from me stating *that I have lost the cheques*, you will know that the funds have risen; if the message states *that I have found the cheques*, you will know that the funds have fallen. The numbers of the cheques stated thus to be lost or found, will give you the amount of the rise or fall in the funds, and you will buy and sell in consequence."

Soon after the young Jew reached Paris, he began to haunt the Exchange, doing a small stroke of business whenever he could find the funds to work with. The difficulty with England and Egypt having come up, the funds underwent one of those sudden fluctuations that make the fortune of the lucky speculator. Now was his time to put his plan into execution. Millaud forthwith made his way to the bureau of the Minister of the Interior (M. Thiers), and demanded to see the Minister. Being refused admittance, he began to tear his hair, to cry, and, simulating the action of a man at the last extremity of anguish and despair, declared that he would be ruined irrecoverably if he were not allowed to see the Minister. The *employés* represented to him that no one was allowed to see the Minister without proper introductions, and Millaud, still persisting in his violence and demands, they tried to turn him away by force. But he held on to the rails of the stairs, shouting and crying in so frantic a manner that the whole place was in an uproar, and the noise reached the ears of M. Thiers himself—

"What on earth is the matter?" he demanded of the people about him.

"A young man demands audience of your Excellency, and persists in forcing his way in, saying that he shall be ruined forever if he cannot see you. The police are turning him out by force."

"How very strange!" said the Minister, growing uneasy. "Let him in; show him up; he may have important news to give me. He may know of some conspiracy!"

Shown into the Minister's cabinet, Millaud flung himself at his feet, clasping his knees, and crying that he was a ruined man if his Excellency did not save him.

"What is the matter?" demanded M. Thiers, over and over again, and greatly excited by the stranger's behaviour.

"I am the father of a family,—lost—ruined—dishonored! Save me—oh, save me! Your Excellency only can save me from utter shame and ruin."

And so it went on for some minutes; the Minister vainly trying to learn what was the matter, and the suppliant tearing his hair and frantically declaring that only his Excellency could save him. At length, in incoherent phrases, Millaud gasped out that he had been employed to make several collections for a person in Bordeaux, whose fortune would be ruined by any delay on his part; that he had lost the papers confided to him, but added that, could he only inform his patron of the mishap, and give him the numbers of the missing cheques, the latter would be able to take measures for averting the ruin with which he was threatened, and in which he himself, "a father of a large family," "dependent for bread on this patron," &c., &c., would be included. "But would your Excellency be pleased to allow of this communication being made by the telegraph, this ruin would be averted, and the blessings of a grateful heart be on you forever," &c.

Such was the vehemence and apparent truthfulness with which the cunning young rogue enacted this scene of violent despair, that Thiers was completely taken in, ordered the transmission of the message hastily written down by the suppliant agent, and thus—Bordeaux being then four days' mail from Paris—enabled the uncle to speculate at his leisure, in accordance with the instructions given. Stock-jobbing had not then attained the proportions of the present day, and the operations of the uncle only amounted to a gain of 28,000; but the half of this sum was an immense lift to the beggarly nephew, who, on this windfall, began the course of speculation which has placed him in the ranks of the stock-jobbing nabobs of the day, and certain other incidents of which, (warned by the length of this one,) must wait for recital in my next letter. QUANTUM.

THE BLOOMER DRESS DEFOEMERS.—A correspondent of the Davenport Gazette, writing from Cortlandville, Cortland County, N. York, June 30th, says:—

"Last Tuesday and Friday the National Dress Reform Association held its third annual Convention in this place. There were about one hundred and fifty women present in Bloomer costume, and lawyers, doctors, professors, editors, &c., participated in the doings. I believe some eight or ten different States were represented. Just think of it, one hundred and fifty 'Bloomers' together! They were of every age, from childhood to gray hairs, homely, handsome, smart, stupid, tall, short, enthusiastic, deliberate, tasty, slovenly. There seemed to be three leading patterns of the Bloomer pants: one style was loose, in the sailor fashion; another was the full Turkish style, gathered into a ruffle about the ankle; and still another was close, tight legs, like some Shanghai dandies occasionally get on. The length of skirts ranged from two or three inches above the ankle to as much above the knee, and there was just as much variety in the materials, trimmings, and tasteful arrangement of the entire dress as you would find in any gathering of women. Silks, calicoes, velvets, lawns, linens, delaines, alpaccas, ginghams, in fact almost every fabric and every figure of fabric might be found there. Nearly all of them wore their hair cut short about the neck like school girls, with various styles of hat, trimmed to the wearer's taste; and walked in gaiters, slippers, boots, kips, &c., as the case might be."

THE CORCORAN CASE.—The Washington Union contains another statement in reference to the Corcoran and Muruaga affair, which gives a somewhat different version of the original story. It appears from this statement that the first difficulty "arose in consequence of Mr. Muruaga's conduct toward a niece of Mr. Corcoran's, whom he most improperly and offensively followed through the streets of Washington, compelling her to resort to very annoying expedients for the purpose of avoiding him. Upon learning this fact, Mr. Corcoran expressed his opinion of Mr. M.'s conduct to that person in very decided language. For this Mr. M. demanded an apology. Mr. C. refused to give him one, because he did not believe that Mr. M.'s conduct in the premises was such as to entitle him to it. Upon this refusal Mr. M. gave to Mr. Corcoran notice of a challenge. On the evening of the same day on which this notification was given, Mr. M., in response to a note from Mr. Corcoran's daughter, sent by her for the sole purpose of preventing a hostile meeting between the said parties, (the fact of the hostile message being known to her as well as to several others,) made his appearance in Mr. C.'s house in his known absence." It is already known that Mr. C. dislodged the intruder unceremoniously from his premises for this conduct, as heretofore stated, and hence the subsequent transactions as before published, and generally known by the community.

DEATH OF GENERAL JOHN A. QUITMAN.—One by one the participators in the Mexican war, who escaped a thousand bullets, go down to a peaceful grave. Quitman adds his name to the number. He died on the 17th instant, at Natchez, of disease contracted at the National Hotel, in Washington, in his 59th year. Gen. Quitman was born at Rhinebeck, New York, and received his education at Mount Airy, above Germantown, in Philadelphia County. His father was a Prussian clergyman. Quitman, disliking divinity, studied law, and settled in the West. His talents soon secured him public attention and confidence, and he served in various public capacities of importance, and finally as acting Governor of Mississippi. In 1846, President Polk appointed him a Brigadier-General in the army, which went to Gen. Taylor's aid, in which he figured conspicuously. In the subsequent campaign with Scott, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. In this campaign he displayed the highest military skill and courage, and led the celebrated attack on the Belen Gate of the capital. Since his return from Mexico, he has again mingled in public life, and was considered one of the ablest of the south-western delegation in Congress.

Born my little girls seem greatly exercised to comprehend the idea of God. Mary lately brought me a picture, which she had made, of a house. Through a hole in the roof, a large round face was peeping into the room below.

"What's that?" I asked

"That's God!" replied the little girl, in a subdued tone. I was the more struck with this, as it recalled to me that my own early idea of God was the same—that of a being on His hands and knees, gazing through the top of the room.—*Knickerbocker.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

NO NEWS OF THE AGAMEMNON—INDIA BILL PASSED—CHINESE ORDERED AWAY FROM CUBA—AFRICAN FLEET TO BE KEPT UP—THE FRASER RIVER DISCOVERIES.

The America arrived at New York on the 23rd, with news to July 9th.

On the 8th, in the House of Lords, the Jew bill was passed through committee, an amendment having been agreed to which prevents Jews from exercising ecclesiastical patronage or advising her Majesty upon ecclesiastical appointments.

In the House of Commons, after some general debate, the Government of India bill was read a third time and passed, amidst loud cheers.

The Bank of France had increased its specie during the month to the amount of eighteen millions of francs.

It was again stated that the Spanish Government was organizing an expedition of a thousand men against Mexico.

Sir E. B. Lytton had moved the second reading of the Government of New Caledonia bill, the object of which is to establish a settled form of government in that part of British North America, to which, in consequence of recent gold discoveries, a great stream of population is directed. He urged the importance of a strong government being established in the first instance, and added that the present government had decided on continuing the policy of the late government with respect to the privileges possessed by the Hudson's Bay Company. In the course of his observations, he stated that there was every reason to expect a very large production of gold in the country about to be created into a colony. The bill would only remain in force for five years, and then the powers of the governor would be resigned to free and local institutions.

After some observations from various speakers, generally in praise of the Government scheme, the bill was read a second time.

The Earl of Malmesbury said the government intended, for reasons which it was unnecessary to refer to, to remove from Cuban waters the squadron now stationed there; but there was no intention whatever of discontinuing the blockade of the Coast of Africa.

In the House of Commons, Mr. D'Israeli, in response to an inquiry said, Government had not taken into consideration the expediency of making use of the Leviathan to lay down the Atlantic cable.

THE NEW GOLD REGION.

The publication of some Parliamentary papers shows that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, the Secretary of the Colonies, had been instructing Gov. Douglas, at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, as to his conduct in the present emergency. The despatch is dated July 1st, and says "that while her Majesty's government are determined on preserving the rights, both of government and commerce, which belong to this country: and while they have it in contemplation to furnish you with such a force as they may be able to despatch for your assistance and support in the preservation of law and order, it is no part of their policy to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold fields. On the contrary, you are distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither for the purposes of digging in those fields, so long as they submit themselves, in common with the subjects of her Majesty, to the recognition of her authority, and conform to such rules of police as you may have thought proper to establish. The national right to navigate Frazer's river is, of course, a separate question, and one which her Majesty's government must reserve. Under the circumstance of so large an immigration of Americans into English territory, I need hardly impress upon you the importance of caution and delicacy in dealing with those manifold cases of international relationship and feeling, which are certain to arise, and which, but for the exercise of temper and discretion, might easily lead to serious complications between two neighboring and powerful States.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, on Thursday night described the new territory, to which he proposes to assign a government, as follows:—"It is bounded on the south by the American frontier line, 49 deg. of latitude, and may be considered to extend to the sources of Frazer river, in latitude 55 deg. It is, therefore, about 420 miles long in a straight line, its average breadth about 250 to 300 miles. Taken from corner to corner its greatest breadth 400 miles. Of its two gold-bearing rivers, one, the Frazer, rises in the northern boundary, and flowing south, falls into the sea at the south-western extremity of the territory, opposite the southern end of Vancouver's Island, and within a few miles of the American boundary; the other the Thompson river, which rises in the Rocky Mountains, and flowing westward, joins the Frazer about 150 miles from the coast. It is on these two rivers, and chiefly at their confluence, that the gold discoveries have been made. Honorable gentlemen who look at the map may imagine this new colony at an immeasurable distance from England; but we have already received overtures from no less eminent a person than Mr. Cunard, for a line of postal steam vessels for letters, goods and passengers, by which it is calculated that a passenger starting from Liverpool may reach this colony in about 35 days by way of New York and Panama. The Thompson's river district is described as one of the finest countries in the British dominions, with a climate far superior to that of countries in the same latitude on the other side of the mountains."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Clonmel Chronicle states that the blight had made its appearance among the potatoes in several places in that locality.

The Rev. Dr. Saddler, one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, had committed suicide by hanging himself.

At the quarterly meeting of the iron masters of the midland counties of England, held at Birmingham, no change was made to the standard rates. Prices, however, were regarded as entirely nominal, and business was very dull. Many mills and forges were only partially employed.

A railway train between Wolverhampton and Birmingham was struck by lightning on Thursday during a thunder storm. Every person in the train felt the shock. The driver was struck with temporary paralysis. The driver and hooker were enveloped in a sheet of flame, but fortunately were not incapacitated from attending to their duties.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A deputation on the subject of the Cuban slave trade had had an interview with Lord Derby, who, in answer to the deputation, said that "he concurred generally in the objects of the deputation. With regard to Brazil, he praised that government for its honesty and good faith in the fulfilment of treaties. With regard to Cuba, he agreed that more could be done by the Governor-General of Cuba than by any external force; that every exertion had been and was every day being made to bring the Spanish Government to good faith in this matter, and that he trusted this result might be brought about without a resort to coercive measures. That with regard to the French system, as shown in the case of the Regina Coeli, there could be no doubt that it was really a new plan of slave trade; that they were pouring in evidence on this point on the French government, and that he hoped that the French Emperor, (in whose desire to put down slavery he had perfect confidence,) would soon be himself convinced that it was slavery in disguise. He feared that in this particular case there was evidence to show that the blacks might be held as consenting parties. With regard to coolie emigration, he explained that Lord Carnarvon's bill was intended to put a stop to the carrying of coolies from India to any foreign possession; that it was their determination to place the coolie emigration to our own possessions on such a footing as should secure fair treatment to the coolies; and he believed, if that could be accomplished, the system of coolie emigration might be found beneficial both to the coolies themselves and to the colonies. He repeated the great care and consideration which the government were determined to give to secure for the coolies good treatment and fair play. He did not think that the exclusion of Cuban produce from our markets would (even if Parliament would consent to it) make much difference to Cuba, inasmuch as other countries would take Cuban produce, and let us have the supplies from other quarters which formerly went to them. He expressed generally every desire to prevent the slave trade, and he assured the deputation that the government would never relax their efforts towards the accomplishment of this object."

FRANCE.—The new Minister of the Interior has permitted 120 persons who had been exiled to return to their homes.

The Emperor has proposed that the debts of M. de Lamartine should be paid by the State.

It is understood that the French Government has commenced preparations for laying down telegraph cables between Havre, Fecamp, Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk on the north-east, and between Havre, Honfleur, Valognes, and Cherbourg on the north-west; in short, it is intended to establish a telegraphic communication between every harbor on the French coast.

The adoption of the Jew bill has induced two French journals to express their admiration at the working of the British Constitution.

The tobacco crop in Algeria had been almost entirely destroyed by a worm.

The Paris papers speculate on the forthcoming meeting of Napoleon and Victoria at Cherbourg, as if it was positively decided upon, and regard the event as a complete removal of all mistrusts between the two Governments. Great preparations were in progress at Cherbourg. Count Persigny had arrived in London with a view, it was said, of submitting the programme for the Queen's approval.

GERMANY.—The correspondent of the Times says the time for consideration granted to Denmark being at an end, the Diet will to-morrow appoint a commission whose duty it will be to make the necessary arrangements for sending troops into Holstein and Schauenberg. At the same time notice will be given to the envoy of the King of Denmark that those Duchies will be occupied by the Federal troops, if the concessions made by the Diet in their favor are not made within a certain time. The delay will probably be a short one—the German Powers having resolved to prove to Europe that they can act as well as talk.

SWEDEN AND DENMARK.—Great excitement prevails in Sweden on account of the position of Denmark in its relations with the German Diet. If the troops of the German confederation should pass the Eyder, public opinion in Sweden would be deeply moved—so much so, as to demand the intervention of the Government on behalf of Denmark.

RUSSIA.—Official committees for facilitating the emancipation of the serfs have been formed in 38 of the Russian provinces, comprising nearly 10,000,000 serfs.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.—A letter from Warsaw of the 1st, says:—"The following is a new trait in the character of the Emperor Alexander, which proves how elevated are his views. An agricultural society lhast just been formed in this city, and it now reckons 1,200 members, composed of the principal landowners of the country. It held its first meeting here a few days since, and a considerable sensation was caused by it, as such an assemblage has never take place since the last National Diet. The authorities became alarmed, and consulted the Emperor by telegraph. The following answer was, I am informed, returned:—'You say that 1,200 of the Polish nobility have assembled at Warsaw, and that you feel uneasiness at the circumstance. For my part, I regret that the number is not greater.'"

SPAIN.—It is reported from Madrid that Gen. O'Donnell will dissolve the Cortes in a very short time. It was also stated that he intended to divide the army into large divisions as in France, and to place eminent Generals at the head of them.

A semi-official Spanish journal says that the new ministry is not less decided than the preceding one to demand explanation from England on the subject of the offensive words of Lord Malmesbury, on the question of the English cruisers.

AUSTRIA.—The Cologne Gazette spreads the rumor that the concentration of Russian troops in Poland is to threaten Austria into fulfilling the treaty of 1846, relative to the incorporation of Cracow into the Austrian monarchy. It is positively denied that Austria has bound herself to give assistance to Turkey in case of need.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, July 9—The Cotton Market opened at an advance of 1-16@⅛d, but subsequently this advance was almost lost.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

RETURN OF THE AGAMEMNON—ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO BE MADE—RIGHT OF SEARCH QUESTION—MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS, &c.

The Indian brings advices to the 13th.

The Agamemnon and Valorous arrived at Queenstown on the 12th inst. The final break in the Atlantic Telegraph Cable was below the stern of the Agamemnon, after one hundred and forty-six miles had been paid out of that vessel. The Agamemnon then returned to mid ocean and cruised there for five days in anticipation of meeting the Niagara.

On the Agamemnon arriving at Queenstown, it was resolved to coal, and start again for a final attempt to lay the cable on Saturday, the 17th inst., there still being, on both ships, twenty-five hundred miles of the cable left.

The cause of the breaking of the cable is unknown, the strain upon it at the time being quite light. The electric instruments were all injured by the heavy rolling of the ship in the storm.

On the 12th inst., in the House of Lords, the bill permitting the House of Commons to admit Jews into Parliament, was passed, as also were the reasons of the House of Lords for objecting to the House of Commons bill on the subject.

The squadron to accompany Queen Victoria to Cherbourg consists of six sail of the line, six frigates, and a flotilla of steam yachts, under the command of Lord Lyons.

The rebels were again becoming very troublesome in Central India, re-occupying many forts from which they had been driven.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Hutt moved a resolution declaring it expedient to discontinue the practice of authorizing men-of-war to visit and search vessels under foreign flags, with the view of suppressing the slave trade. He contended that England ought to abandon her futile efforts on the Coast of Africa. Mr. Milner Gibson seconded the motion.

Mr. Cardwell denied that England had been unsuccessful, and declared that an abandonment of her efforts to suppress the trade would establish a universal system of piracy on the African coast.

Mr. Fitzgerald, on the part of the Government, agreed with the remarks of Mr. Cardwell, and said that the Government had proposed to France the establishment of a commission on the spot, to inquire into the free labor system recently established. With regard to America, he had the satisfaction of stating that the late difficulty had been swept away. Lord Napier had sent home a despatch by the steamship Europa, to the effect that Mr. Cass had told him that the course taken by the British Ministry was worthy of a great country, and that he (Mr. Cass) had assured Lord Napier that after the satisfactory declarations of the British Government, the American Government would at once give the most earnest consideration to any proposals that might be suggested to them for verification as to the nationality of vessels, and the right to bear the flag they assumed.

The London Times satirizes the visit of Queen Victoria to Cherbourg, and says that station has no other object than to menace England, and calls on the government to man a large channel fleet and otherwise prepare for defence, and invite Napoleon over to see how well England is ready to resist invasion.

There was a report that Sir Allan McNab, of Canada, would be the first Governor under the Caledonia bill.

The London Times, in a leader, controverts Lord Palmerston's view of the national duty in regard to the slave trade, and encourages the idea of the annexation of Cuba to the United States, as Cuba once annexed, the whole trade would come to an end.

Paris letters report a visible improvement in commercial affairs. Large orders had been received in the manufacturing towns, and purchasers from the United States had begun to appear in the market.

The crop accounts were favorable, but breadstuffs were firm.

The reply of the Danish Government to the Germanic Diet had been despatched to Frankfort. It was understood to be conciliatory.

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS BY THE MAHOMMEDANS.—On the 15th of June, the Mahommedans in Jeddah rose and massacred the Christians there. Among the victims were the English and French Consuls; also, the wife of the latter and twenty other persons. The Consulates were plundered. The British steamer Cyclops had rescued twenty-six Christians and taken them to Suez. No Christians remained in the place. Two boats from the Cyclops had to fire on the Mahommedans, who attempted to intercept the retreat of the Christians from the town. Immediate orders had been issued to three English ships of war in the vicinity to proceed forthwith to Jeddah, and bring by forcible means, if necessary, the perpetrators of the outrage to justice.

CHINA.—Letters from Hong Kong to May 22 had been received. The allied fleet was at anchor in the mouth of the Pelho on the 29th of April. Six days had been allowed for a reply to the demands of the Plenipotentiaries, and the time having expired, a steamer had taken up 2 gunboats and 150 Sappers to the Pelho. A French transport, with 950 marines and infantry, had arrived. The French had got two gunboats over the bar of the Pei-hang, but two English despatch boats had stuck fast.

The English and French Admirals were both at Peeghele, and it was expected that, in a few days, the first blow in the north might be struck, by the capture of the forts at the mouth of the river.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The Money market continues unchanged. Money can be readily obtained at 2½ per cent., and in some cases less.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, July 13.—The Cotton Market closes dull, and with a decline of ⅛d on fair and middling qualities; the lower qualities have still further declined.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The circulars quote the Breadstuffs market generally dull, but steady. Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co. report the weather as favorable for the crops. Flour dull but nominally unchanged. Wheat dull, but steady and unchanged. Corn dull, but prices unaltered.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Beef steady; Pork steady; Bacon heavy; Lard quiet, at 55s@57s; Tallow nominal.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Sugar is steady; Coffee dull; Rice firm.

ASHES—Pots and Pearls continue dull at 36s.

LINSEED OIL is quoted at 33s 6d

LONDON MARKETS.—Baring Brothers' Circular report Breadstuffs firm and steady. Coffee buoyant. Tallow slow of sale, but unaltered in prices. Linseed Oil 33s. 9d @34s.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are unfavorable, there being but little inquiry and weak prices.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO—REPORTED FLIGHT OF ZULOAGA.—The New Orleans Picayune has received advices from Northern Mexico to the 21st ult.

The most important intelligence is the reported abdication of Gen. Zuloaga, and flight from the city of Mexico, leaving the government in the hands of Canto and two Bishops. The prospects of the Constitutionalists generally were believed to be very flattering.

DR. JOHNSON'S FEAR OF DEATH.

[In connection with some recent remarks in THE POST relative to Dr. Johnson and Bancroft's History, we quote the following from "Boswell's life of Johnson:"—]

Mr. Henderson, with whom I had sauntered in the venerable walls of Merton College, and found him a very learned and pious man, supped with us. Dr. Johnson surprised him not a little, by acknowledging, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that God was infinitely good.

Johnson—"That He is infinitely good, as far as the perfection of His nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole, that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, He is not infinitely good [i. e. compassionate;] and as I cannot be *sure* that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned. (Looking dismally.)

Dr. Adams—"What do you mean by damned?"

Johnson—(Passionately and loudly:)—"Sent to hell, sir, and punished everlastingly."

Dr. Adams—"I don't believe that doctrine."

Johnson—"Hold, sir; do you believe that none will be punished at all?"

Dr. Adams—"Being excluded from Heaven will be a punishment; yet there may be no great positive suffering."

Johnson—"Well, sir, but if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument for infinite goodness simply considered; for infinite goodness would inflict no punishment whatever. There is no infinite goodness, physically considered; morally there is."

Boswell—"But may not a man attain to such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?"

Johnson—"A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair."

Mrs. Adams—"You seem, sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer."

Johnson—"Madam, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that He will set some on His right hand, and some on His left." He was in gloomy agitation, and said, "I'll have no more on't." [Meaning that he wished the conversation stopped.]

☞ "AS ONE DOOR SHUTS ANOTHER OPENS."—A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing Dr. ——, of N——, asked him to prescribe for his complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the Doctor, "your disease is incurable.—Your skin is too short; so that, when you shut your eyes, your mouth opens."

☞ There is an essential meanness in wishing to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise man, is with himself.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

MADEIRA TO ST. HELENA.

After leaving Madeira we stood a course, which enabled us to sight the Canary Islands, after which we dispensed with the engines, and sailed through the N. E. trades until within a few degrees of the line, when we again got up steam, and thence steered a bee line to the port of James Town, Island of St. Helena. I refer to my journal for extracts in regard to this passage.

EXTRACT.

It is the night of the 7th of January, 1858, and we are running along under both sail and steam at a famous rate. We have at length the undoubted N. E. trade wind. At 2.20 P. M.—just twenty-four hours after leaving Madeira—we made the west point of the Canary Island of Palma directly ahead. When thus discovered rising out of the sea, it was distant some thirty miles, and having then come 210 from Madeira, it makes Palma distant from the latter, 240 sea miles. It was cloudy weather, and we looked in vain for the towering "Peak of Teneriffe," upon the island of that name, situated back of the one we were approaching. Night came on, and at 8 P. M. we had reached Palma, and passed its west point. We must have run well in with it too, for the scattering lights of a hill-side town that hung over the point, were easily to be counted.

January 8th.—Last night we passed the Island of Ferro, the most south-westerly of the Canary group, and this morning it was still in sight on the port quarter. This group is composed of nine islands I think; over all of which towers the snow-capped peak of Teneriffe—that crusted snow which never melts, and which now dazzles the eye of the passing navigator as it did that of the Carthaginian, years before the birth of our Saviour. Being some hundred miles from the group now, and having had no opportunity of conversing with persons able to enlighten me in regard to their previous history, &c., I turn to several works of standard authority for help.

I find that they are seven in number, excluding islets and rocks. These seven are—Lanzarote, Fuertaventura, Gran Canaria, Teneriffe, Gomera, Palma, and Hierro (or Ferro-iron). I find also that they were known to the early Greeks as "Happy Islands," so called because they imagined them to contain the Elysian Fields, into which favored warriors passed without dying. The area of the whole group is 2,980 English square miles. Population in 1849, 258,000, and the height of the greatest elevation (the Peak of Teyde or Teneriffe) 12,182 feet. Coast bold and rocky. Formation volcanic. Animals and birds prevail quite extensively along the volcanic heights, and in their fertile though contracted valleys. Among the former are the goat, the camel, and the ass; and among the latter, the pheasant, the partridge, and the thistle-finch, or ordinary Canary bird. I find also that for a long time the Island of Ferro was assumed by European navigators—and in fact now is by Spain and some others—as the zero of longitude; just as Greenwich is now by England and America. This is all of interest that I find—I have searched in vain for its discovery, and for an idea of the people who were found upon its unknown shores. By measuring upon the chart, I find that it is only sixty miles from the nearest point of Africa; so that it is by no means improbable that Carthaginian vessels might have gone back and forth during the infancy of navigation. They have belonged to Spain since 1493. The Peak of Teneriffe is now often seen at a distance of 100 miles, hence it might easily have been seen from Africa by the Carthaginians.

Finding the N. E. trade wind promising to be steady, we this morning, at 9 o'clock, shortened sail, hove to, and commenced taking the buckets off the wheels, preparatory to transforming ourselves into a sailing vessel. It took us five hours to take off the nine upper buckets on each wheel, when we turned the others out of the water, (thus immersing that of each wheel which now offered little or no resistance to the ship's progress,) lashed the wheels securely, made sail, and were no longer a steamer until we should again devote several hours to "putting on the buckets."

We had scarcely thus put it out of our power to steam, when the trade fell light, lighter and lighter, until we began to fear that we had been too hasty. Finally, however, after scaring us pretty badly, it freshened up again, and we commenced an average speed of seven knots the hour. Very fair for a steamer. I will take it for granted that the reader is at home on the "theory of the trade winds," and shall therefore pass on to a few words in regard to flying fish.

I once remember laughing very heartily at the simplicity of an old lady, whose son returned from sea, and narrated his adventures to a curious crowd of country relatives.

"I was in a cruiser in the Red Sea," he commenced, "when we one night let go our anchor, and the next morning when we hove it up, there was one of 'Pharrioh's' chariot wheels a hooked on to the fluc."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the old lady.

"And I've been to a country where the rivers was milk, a flowin round islands of honey comb, and with the thick fine honey a running from the comb and a mixin with the milk, milk a flowin down the banks of the river, and *honey* down the middle."

"Wonderful things—oh, wonderful!" ejaculated his admiring parent.

"Yes! and I've seed flying' fish—"

"Flying *what*, John?" queries the old lady.

"Flyin' *fish*, marm!"

"Now, John, ain't you ashamed of yourself! The chariot wheels is all right, I reckon, because the Bible says they was sunk thar, and so about the land a flowin with milk and honey; but as for a fish a *flyin'*, John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Nevertheless "John" was right, as far as the fish went. Let me mention what I have observed in regard to them. In the first place they abound mostly in warm latitudes, and are chased for food by the dolphin, and other clipper fish. I have often been lying in a dead calm, with the sails flapping against the mast, and the tropical sun coming down with a strength destructive to the stiffest starched collar; and amused myself by watching the dolphin chasing his alarmed breakfast, and said alarmed repast making the best of his way both through water and air.

In the first place the breakfast would spring suddenly from the water, fly swiftly in a straight line, touching either wing in the crest of a swell as they got dry, and finally, unable longer to support itself upon the air, drop suddenly into the polished sea, only to spring forth again and renew its aerial flight in another direction. From one to two hundred yards is about the distance they thus fly. As soon as the repast had thus started in a straight line, I would see the dolphin following "like a greased streak of lightning," keeping directly after it, and as near as possible, until it dived into the water, when first would go his hungry tail, and as the fish again appeared he would be following him as straight as ever. I have seen the dolphin "*cut a corner*" while chasing, thus gaining a march upon his flying prey. Finally the breakfast would apparently lose the strength required for flying, the race would suddenly end, and Mr. Dolphin doubtless got the breakfast. This is the way it is during a calm—the flying fish seems then unable to turn sharply, though I have often seen the flight curved.

When a fresh breeze is blowing, however, the race is more varied. The breakfast flies longer but not so fast (owing to the fact that they generally fly to windward), and while the dolphin keeps nearly under him, resorts to frequent short turnings to avoid his relentless pursuer. I once took my watch out and counted the interval that one of these excited repasts remained in sight clear of the water. It was forty-two seconds, during which time, however, he dipped his wings seven times, changed his course about every other dip, and finally dived down very much after the manner of a stage actor disappearing down a trap door. During this forty-two seconds the dolphin was following under him, making the water foam as he passed through the crest of a sea, and turning with every motion of his prey. It will readily be imagined that he "was about" when the diving part came off.

From these observations I conclude—

Firstly: That the flying fish is fed upon by the dolphin.

Secondly: That it does not swim so fast; otherwise it would not leave the water.

Thirdly: That it can only fly when its wings are wet; otherwise, why should it dip them?

Fourthly: That the wind acting upon its wings and tail, enables it to turn at pleasure.

Fifthly: That it is generally caught when pursued.

And sixthly, and finally: That as a tribe they have an unpleasantly uncertain existence. So much for flying fish. We have seen vast numbers of them lately, steamed through flock after flock, awakening them to a hurried flight by the noise of our wheels; and I once sailed in a low decked vessel, where they were often found upon deck at daylight, having been attracted by the light during the night, struck a sail or mast in their flight across the decks, and finally fallen helplessly—alas! not into the water, but into a national frying pan. They are excellent eating, and are often offered for sale in the West Indian markets.

January 10th.—This morning, shortly after divine service, we crossed the Tropic of Cancer, and bade a short adieu to temperate latitudes. We have the northeast trades, after which we shall have the "Doldrums;"* then the equatorial calms, squalls, and rains; next the southerly Doldrums, then the southeast trades, and finally the tropic of Capricorn, with southerly temperate latitudes beyond.

January 16th.—Last night we ran out of the trade, and after lying five hours like a log upon the smooth surface of a waveless ocean, putting on our buckets, we are again moving along under a full head of steam for our destined port. This kind of "going to sea," is not as bad as it might be. Here we are now in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and it is just as if we were steaming over an enlarged mill-pond. A North River steamboat would experience no increased motion were she suddenly lifted from her quiet waters and placed alongside of us on this lifeless sea. Were a tumbler filled brimming with water and placed upon our quarter decks, not a drop would be lost through any motion of the ship. I never before saw such a total absence of *swell* upon the ocean. It looks as if we are in the centre of an immense circular mirror, toward one side of which we are steaming swiftly, while that preserves its uniform distance, and the rear border closes after us as we attempt to leave it. Overhead we have a cloudless and a bright blue sky, which imparts to this polished mirror the reflection of its own color, and interposes no passing cloud between our awnings and the burning sun. No breath of air is darkening the polished surface of the mirror—all is water, and sun, and ether. Were it not for our own swift motion, which creates a refreshing breeze, the *closeness*, combined with the heated air that escapes from the engine-room, would be unbearable.

January 22d.—This morning, half an hour after midnight, our dead reckoning told us that we were crossing the line, and now at noon our south latitude is 1 deg. 15 min. We have several young master's mates on board, some of whom were fresh from the country, and consequently fine "subjects" for their more experienced mess-mates. This morning one of the latter unscrewed a spy-glass, placed a hair across the object glass, and handed it to his unwary "subject" to enable him the better to *examine* "the line," which he readily acknowledged seeing in the distance—"*not very plainly, however*," he confessed.

"Now you see it?" triumphantly queried his friend.

"Oh, yes! And it's so small, and looks so close! I thought the equator was very large!"

A general laugh here notified him that there was another screw loose somewhere. * * *

It is shortly after sunset, and the temperature of dusk is grateful after this, the hottest day of the passage. "The mess" are all seated upon the forward part of the hurricane deck enjoying it, out of reach of the falling cinders which are, as usual, being sprinkled over the after part of the ship, as if we were passing under a huge selve, being constantly shook by relieving giants. These cinders, with which we are only troubled when burning soft coal, penetrate *everywhere*, and render it next to impossible to look up at the sails without risking the temporary loss of one's eyesight.

The nine members of our unfortunate "band" are not so well off as "the mess." There they are around their green umbrella-like music stand, under the very heaviest of the cinders, playing Yankee Doodle, as if each particular instrument was being gradually suffocated by the inexhaustible shower, and looking as unhappy as so many half-drowned chickens.

The manner in which these "bands" are shipped for the service, would be amusing, were it not that it indicates so great a want of system in the management of the "right arm of the national defence." The result in our case of this want of system, is that several one-horse Dutchmen, led on by one spasmodic Frenchman, are now murdering poor Yankee Doodle upon our quarter deck. Let us see the probable way in which these Dutchmen were shipped to compose our band.

Scene.—Several officers seated at a rendezvous-table covered with books, shipping articles, pen and ink, etc., etc. Enter an applicant.

"Well, my man," says one of the officers, "what do *you* want to ship as—landsman, I suppose?"

"Yes aire; I be moosic!"

"Oh! you want to ship as a musician?"

"Yes aire; I be moosic!"

"I wonder if this fellow *is* a musician?" queries the officer, who though probably a good seaman and a man of sense, knows about as much about music as does an organ-grinder.

"It's hard to say," replies a companion. "Where's your instrument?"

"*In-stru-ment?* No have *in-stru-ment!*"

"Well, I suppose we must take his word for it! The M——— is in a hurry for her band, and if he can't play, they can at least make him do landsman's duty on deck." Thus *Musician, No. 1*, is shipped for the flag ship M———, and should he prove to be *no musician*, "the band" loses one of its number, for there is only a certain number allowed, and after being once shipped, a musician cannot be disrated to lower pay, no matter how worthless he proves.

This process puts me in mind of an ingenious device which was resorted to by the captain of a man-of-war (I will not say whether English or American) for distinguishing a Chinese fisherman from a Chinese pirate. His vessel had been ordered out from Hong Kong to inflict "summary chastisement" upon a piratical junk which had boarded and robbed a merchant vessel, murdering some of the crew. From the fact that Chinese junks were fishermen one day and pirates the next, he anticipated considerable difficulty in "chastising" the right parties. Suddenly a bright thought flashed through his doubting brain. He ran under the stern of every junk he sighted, and hailed—

"Are you a pirate?"

"Heigh-yah-h-h! How can? No tief man!" would reply John Chinaman, when he could understand the question, and the ship would pass on to the *next* junk. She eventually returned to Hong Kong without having "summarily chastised" the offending outlaws.

It was on the 27th of January that St. Helena, the former island prison of the great Napoleon, broke suddenly out of a bank of clouds and presented its rocky breast and pointed peaks to our expectant gaze. Nothing could be more dismal than the view thus presented by those sterile heights. They seemed to speak of the years of wasting and *unnecessary* severity which had at length broken the great spirit of European freedom—broken that which could not be bent.

* "*The Doldrums*" are light and baffling airs which prevail at the equatorial limits of the northeast and southeast trade winds—these are separated by the calm belt of the equator—and often retain sailing vessels weeks within their limits.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS BOOKS.—One story, thoroughly characteristic of Wordsworth's indifference to every production of modern growth but his own poetry, we recently heard from a friend. When "Rob Roy" was published, some of Mr. Wordsworth's friends made a picnic, and the amusement of the day was to be the new novel. He accompanied them to the selected spot, joined them at luncheon, and then said—"Now, before you begin, I will read you a poem of my own on Rob Roy. It will increase your pleasure in the new book." Of course, every one was delighted, and he recited the well-known verses; and the moment he had finished, said, "Well, now I hope you will enjoy your book;" and walked quietly off, and was seen no more all the afternoon. The very rough mode in which he handled books showed how little he cared for them. Southey said, to let him into a fine library was like turning a bear into a tulip garden; and De Quincey tells of his cutting open a "prachtedition" of Burke with a knife he had just used to butter toast. What a contrast to his pious remorse at the ravage of the nut-bough—

"I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and the intruding sky;"—

and the earnest reverence of the exhortation that follows:—

"Then, dearest maiden! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; *with gentle hand*
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."

—*Brimley's Essays.*

A WALKING BIBLE.—Father Shebane, an old pastor in Alabama, is called "Walking Bible" by the people. In a country court it was discovered, on a certain occasion, that there was no Bible in the house to swear the jurors or witnesses upon. The Judge, casting his eyes on the venerable preacher, said—

"There's Shebane, he has the Bible in his head, they can lay their hands on him, that will answer every purpose."

☞ If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

Wavy and bright in the summer air—
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughest breath has scarce'ly curled
The green highway to an unknown world—
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,
Like a heart content—yet desiring more;
Who feels forlorn,
Wandering thus on the path through the corn?

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray:
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow
Till, one bleak morn,
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Hearkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Scarcely believing spring was near:
Saw chestnuts bud out, and campions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,
Where it was born,
On either side of the path through the corn.

The corn—the corn—the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful, morn by morn,
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,
Then just in reach of a child's wee hand,
Then growing, growing—tall, green, and strong,
With the voice of the harvest in its song,
While in fond scorn
The lark out-carols the murmuring corn.

Oh, strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when, and wherefore—tongue cannot say,
No more than of life's strange paths we know
Whither they lead us, or why we go,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree
Yet—who is forlorn?
Heaven, that watered the furrows, will ripen the corn

DANGERS OF FLY-CATCHING.

It is as Mr. Brown of the Stock Exchange that I am now addressing the public. I had occasion some few months back, to go to my bankers in St. James's Street to draw the sum of fifty pounds in gold, for the purpose of defraying certain household expenses. The banker—although it was during panic-time—delivered it to me without a murmur. I kept my hand over the pocket in which it lay, as a bird forsakes not her nest when it has eggs within it, from the very door to that of my own, on Ludgate Hill; yet when I got home it was gone. The loss itself did not affect me nearly so much as the method of the losing. I knew where another fifty pounds was to be got without much inconvenience, but whither that fifty pounds was gone, and by what miraculous means, was indeed a question. The pocket which my hand had covered was inviolate and without a hole in it. It could scarcely have happened that any thief, having ripped it open, would have the courtesy, as well as the skill, to sew it up again as I came along.

The problem so worried me; took so strong a hold upon my mind, that I sent for Inspector Ferret, of the detective police.

"Ferret," I said, after I had put him in possession of the circumstances, "now, who can have got this money?"

"Tom Daddles, or else the Spider, sir," he replied coolly, and without the least hesitation; "one of those two—certain; which of them, depends upon whether you lost the money east or west of the Bar. Tom takes all the Strand, and the Spider has Fleet Street and the Hill, here."

"Well, now," I said, "let me have a personal interview, Mr. Inspector, if you please, with the gentleman who has transferred this property of mine to his account. Of course, I will pass my word not to employ the arm of the law against him. But I very much want to know how the transfer was effected."

On the same afternoon the Inspector informed me, that Mr. Daddles was the new proprietor of the sum in question, and that he would pay me a visit on the following morning, early, with explanations.

Accordingly, while I was at breakfast, Mr. Daddles called. He was a thin, not ungentlemanly looking young man, soberly dressed, and having a rather conspicuous air of modesty and diffidence.

"With regard to the money, Mr. Brown," he said, "I saw you going westward along the Strand, with the intention of procuring specie——"

"How did you know that?" interrupted I.

"You bought, sir, at a shop close to Somerset House, a saffron-colored linen bag, such as is used for carrying money, and you dangled it in your hand when you came out."

"Ass that I was!" I cried.

Mr. Daddles smiled forgivingly: "I never left you," he continued, "from that moment until you reached Saint James's Street. When I saw you go into the banking-house, I backed myself at two to one that I should relieve you of your money. When I saw you come out with the money in your left coat tail, instead of buttoned up in a breast-pocket, the odds rose to five to one. I knew it was in your left coat-tail, because you kept your hand there."

"And," I said, impatiently, "I never took it out again; that I can swear to."

"You did not take it out for a long time, sir," replied Mr. Daddles, applauding moderately; "you gave me a great deal of anxiety, I must confess. But you did take it out at last."

"Where?" cried I, "where? If I did before I got home, I'll be hanged."

"Don't say that, sir," replied my new acquaintance, rather severely, "don't use an expression of that kind, whatever you do. You stopped at a print shop on the west side of Temple Bar, and then my last hope began to expire; for, a few steps more would have taken you into the Spider's territory, and my chance would have vanished."

"Why did you not cut the bottom of my pocket?" I asked, intensely interested.

"Because you would have missed the weight of the coin," explained Mr. Daddles. "Nothing remained for me, but to try the fly-dodge."

"A fly, Mr. Daddles, explain yourself; I saw no fly."

"You felt it though, Mr. Brown, if you remember, upon the left cheek, and you took your hand out of your pocket to remove it."

"I see it all now."

"That was it," assented Mr. Thomas Daddles, in conclusion, "and a very neat thing it was, too, though I say it."

Honor prevented me from giving Mr. Daddles into custody; but I feel bound to warn all pedestrians against any attempt at fly-catching when a quiet, thin, too observant pickpocket is by.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

ARISTOCRACY IN HAVANA.

Aristocracy, as the term is understood here, is one of the things which I consider most difficult to explain. If it is defined as proceeding from old inherited nobility, I could cite many instances of people who are generally considered as belonging to the Havana aristocracy, who, on the other hand, are designated by public opinion as having sprung from humble ancestors; so humble indeed, that even mulattoes are counted among them; while the right of ranking with the aristocracy is denied to some who are descendants from illustrious parents, and who possess the true nomenclature of noble origin.

The same might be said in regard to riches. Many poor families have such exalted ideas, that they will not hesitate to invite to their parties all those persons who, on account of their birth, can contribute to give brilliancy to their circle, but will strenuously refuse to admit wealthy or otherwise respectable people, if they be not considered of a noble origin.

The aristocracy of science, I believe, has never existed, nor are any hopes entertained of its ever being established: and as to that virtue, my friends think that it will be almost impossible to form it. One of the most powerful reasons they allege, and one which in my opinion is conclusive, is that persons of vicious character are admitted as visitors in the best families, and though an universal cry be raised against the assertion, I believe it, because experience has taught me its truthfulness. I have been obliged to meet, in circles which are styled "select," with a man who had failed twice, an occurrence which is here considered a public swindle—also with a forger, who boasted of his conduct, which fact seemed to prove that he had no fear of incurring any public contempt—also, with a married man, who a few years before had eloped with a female cousin of his—and finally with a Judge who was publicly considered a robber.

I have also seen in "select society," women who were generally reputed as being of bad character; and what is most singular is, that many notoriously virtuous mothers do not hesitate to cultivate their acquaintance, and allow their daughters to visit them. These women are certainly few, and well known, for the generality of Cuban ladies, as I have before remarked, are honorable and pure. Good mothers endeavor, besides, to excite the scorn of their children towards these persons, by censuring their behaviour, and many such characters retire voluntarily from intercourse with respectable people, and frequent only the society of those who agree with them in opinion.

The necessary requisite to allow persons to mingle among the aristocracy, according to the general belief, is, that their ancestors, on their arrival in the country, should have been distinguished persons (*de rien;*) and such a name is either given to a wealthy man, or to a real and well-known nobleman, or at least to a person filling a high and important station. If their first appearance was miserable, they will not be considered as aristocrats, no matter what degree of riches, what number of titles, or what important offices they may afterwards obtain.

The leading object of conversation being commonly the genealogy of persons in any way remarkable, their origin and claims are always discovered. This opinion seems to be supported by a fact of very frequent occurrence: when the award of any title of nobility is published in the papers, the person in whose favor the distinction has been made may be assured that in all circles his origin and the condition of his ancestors are sought after, and if there was among them any Spaniard who came to Cuba poor and obscure, or any person whose claims to be a purely Caucasian origin are not well founded, it will become widely known, though ages may have elapsed since the occurrence.

Though well aware of the truth of these facts, I will not alter the opinion set forth in the first paragraph, and the only satisfactory explanation of the enigma would be, to suppose that all the descendants of those who were once noble, are also noble, though they may have *degenerated*, or fallen from their former rank. Such is the case with illegitimate children of noblemen, who are respected everywhere, though their mothers belonged to the lowest grade of the populace.

A very handsome woman married about twenty years ago a Spaniard, who, not wishing to suffer any longer the effrontery of his unfaithful wife, went back to his native country at the end of three years, leaving behind him two children. His wife never left the island, and he never returned; but the number of children is continually increasing; and all, amounting already to half-a-dozen, bear his name, because, according to the Spanish law, "*Pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant.*"

WEALTH OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.—Some of these Romans seem to have been very "solid," while others were "fast" to a degree unknown now-a-days. When Cæsar was killed, on the Ides of March, Anthony owed £320,000, which he paid before the Kalends of April out of the public money, and squandered, according to Adams, £5,600,000. Cæsar himself, before he set out for Spain, was in debt to the extent of £2,018,000. Lentulus possessed £3,229,116. Claudius, a freedman, saved £2,500,000. Augustus obtained from the testamentary dispositions of his friends (some people will leave their fortunes to their sovereigns) no less than £32,291,666 sterling. Tiberius left at his death the enormous sum of £21,792,876, which Caligula is said to have squandered in a single year. Vespasian estimated at his accession that the money which the maintenance of the Commonwealth required was £352,916,000.

PHASES OF CHARACTER CAUSED BY NATURAL OBJECTS.

The influence of natural scenery, on the formation of a people's character is, I am persuaded, much greater than is generally supposed. An accurate analysis of the national and provincial peculiarities of any people, would doubtless very distinctly reveal the rivers, forests, rocks, prairies, mountains, vegetation and climate with which that people have been familiar.

This is owing, first, to a natural susceptibility to influence always existing in the mind; a susceptibility which shows the effects of natural surroundings as distinctly as the sensitive plate of the daguerreotypist tells of the presence of light.

And, secondly, to the fact that man is, from the first, a natural student. He is born to study, and to be influenced and moulded by what he studies. And what he studies *first*, goes far to determine the peculiarities of his whole life.

Suppose man was born to travel. There are at least three hundred and sixty distinct directions in which he might direct his way, and each one would lead him to different climates and scenery. One, it may be, into the regions of white bears and eternal snow; another to arid deserts of drifting sands; another to the rich fruits and fiery suns of the tropics.

But there are ten thousand roads for the infant student, and his natural surroundings go far to determine his choice.

Contrast, if you please, the effect of New England scenery with that of Illinois, in determining the mental direction of the infant student. Passing over the first experiments in acoustics, which always have a universal sameness, see the bare-footed New Englander commencing his geological investigations in the sandbank hard by the paternal doorway. See his infantile fingers perform botanical analyses on his mother's choice plants. See him extend his investigations to architecture at the bridge, and ichthyology at the brook, to pomology in the orchard. See maples and elms, rocks, hills and mountains smiling upon him, and drawing forth and shaping his ductile and plastic powers.

Now take the Sucker babe, a dreamy, green little intellect, just commencing the studies of life. Mud, natural grass, boundless grain fields, droves of horses, cattle and swine, and the circular line where the skyey dome touches the prairie, compose the material of his investigations. Alternate days he freezes, shakes and burns with the ague. All things about him are so vast, so intangible, so similar to all other things, he scarcely fixes one definite, distinct idea, before his bones and joints assume elephantine proportions. With the sense of weakness, vastness and malarious numbness, ever existing, he never knows true boyhood. His mind and body are almost as sluggish as the section corner stakes, until the wants of manhood compel him to exertion.

Suppose two infants on their mother's knee, each entirely destitute of ideas, and suppose the eyes of one to be directed through the open window, toward a flowery garden, and the eyes of the other toward the naked wall. Two distinct impressions are formed, one of beauty, the other of vacancy. And who knows but here the course of each mind is determined for life? Who knows but this may be the first divergence, the first cause of what is so often called natural difference in mental tastes and powers? So by the power of first impressions whole nations are moulded and controlled.

We often meet with the opinion, that the superior acumen and vigor of New Englanders is owing to the difficulties they meet with in procuring the means of subsistence; but although this may have some influence, I think the great effect should rather be attributed to the inspiriting surroundings of their early youth.

But although New England scenery may be more favorable for childhood, it is not so for manhood. We find, united with their knowing vivacity, a cramped, picayunish and infinitesimal view of general truths. A journey or residence in the West often produces the most salutary effects upon the Yankee. He gets himself on the infinite prairies, where he can inhale, one day, arctic blasts, and the next, bathe himself in tropical breezes. He finds himself where the counties are larger than his native State; where a single corn field would twice fill all the granaries of his native town; and he very naturally adds to his acquired acuteness, breadth and compass of thought. He then forms his first real idea of the size of the globe.

There must be a magnificence and generosity of mind, where Nature and agriculture are laid out on the largest scale. Find a company of pioneers; present some cause of benevolence with a good humored earnestness, and pass a hat for contributions, and you can tell each recently emigrated Yankee by the disproportionate littleness of his gift.

To get the full value of natural scenery, one's youth should be shaped by woods and rocks, orchards and gardens, rivers and brooks, and ledges and hills. Then let prairies, deserts, mountains and oceans expand the mind and feed the intellect, and the work of natural scenery is completed.—*Beloit College Monthly.*

A PECULIAR TASTE.—Shelley used to pick the turpentine off fir-trees, and eat it with a relish, or in walking through a pine wood, he would apply his tongue to a larch, and lick it as it oozed in a liquid state from the bark. I never met with any one else who had the same taste. I have expostulated with him on the subject, and, of course, in vain; and I once related to him a little apologue, which was rather more efficacious. I was once at a ball, a very pleasant one it was, and we were all dancing away merrily, but we were obliged to desist, for all on a sudden the fiddlers stopped in the middle of a tune; we told them to play on, but they answered: "We cannot go on with our music, because that rascal, Bysshe, has eaten up all our rosin!" Sometimes when he was creeping stealthily up to a fir-tree, that he might lick it, my fable of the poet and the fiddle would come into his head, and he would turn aside laughing. The broken up ball, the interrupted country dance, the enraged musicians, the whole scene appeared in a moment before his eyes.—*The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

No name to bid us know
Who rests below,
No word of death or birth:
Only the grasses wave
Over a mound of earth,
Over a nameless grave.

Did this poor wandering heart
In pain depart?
Longing, but all too late,
For the calm home again,
Where patient watchers wait,
And still will wait in vain.

Did mourners come in scorn,
And thus forlorn,
Leave him, with grief and shame,
To silence and decay:
And hide the tarnished name
Of the unconscious clay?

It may be from his side
His loved ones died,
And last of some bright band
(Together now once more),
He sought his home, the land
Where they were gone before.

No matter, limes have made
As cool a shade,
And lingering breezes pass
As tenderly and slow,
As if beneath the grass
A monarch slept below.

No grief, though loud and deep,
Could stir that sleep;
And earth and heaven tell
Of rest that shall not cease
Where the cold world's farewell
Fades into endless peace.

HOW I LOST MY LOVE.

A STORY OF A "TRIFLE."

I do not believe in trifles. What we are in the habit of calling by that name have changed the prospects of a lifetime, or even brought life itself to a close; and I doubt much whether the same thing would appear equally trivial to any two persons.

Some time since—I will not say how long—I received a letter, and enclosed within it a post-office order for two guineas. In the missive that sum was alluded to as "the trifle due to you for so and so." "Trifle, indeed!" thought I. "I wish I was able to speak so disrespectfully of a couple of guineas." The fact is, I was penniless when that opportune supply came to hand; but I cannot say I was without a single coin. I had in my possession one farthing, and on it—a trifling matter, you will say—hangs my present story. That farthing had come among some other change; and as one does not often happen to want that particular coin, it remained long after its kindred *browns* were scattered. Besides, I confess I should not have liked to tender a farthing in payment. Even if that would have exactly sufficed, I should have preferred offering any other coin. My consciousness of extreme poverty made me suppose that any looker-on would be able to read my penury, if I were seen to draw a farthing from my waistcoat pocket. A rich man can afford to seem poor, but a really poor one never.

Thus that farthing remained with me for months. It clung to me, as a poor friend often does, long after his wealthier brethren have departed; and it certainly looked a trifle in comparison with the two sovereigns and two shillings, for which I lost no time in exchanging my bit of official-looking paper; but the future vindicated its importance, and taught me its real value. When I rose from my bed that morning, I had every prospect of dining with a certain titled personage whose table is proverbially accessible to all, though only the very poor avail themselves of it. With a good appetite to appease, and a couple of guineas in my pocket, this was not to be thought of. I dined, comfortably and substantially, and that done, leaned back in my chair with a feeling of ineffable contentment.

Searching in my waistcoat-pocket for my tooth-pick, my finger and thumb came in contact with that farthing. I drew it from its hiding-place, laid it on my extended palm, surveyed it, now on this side, now on that; but with what a different look from the rueful one with which, two hours sooner, I had gazed on the thing, did I now regard it! Well, thought I, I was never before reduced quite so low, but before absolute want came a supply to meet my approaching need. I will keep this farthing while I live, as a memento to whisper, "Never despair," when I am inclined to murmur at the decrees of fortune.

I adhered to my resolve. Regularly as I changed my waistcoat, the little coin accompanied my pencil-case, penknife, and tooth-pick, to the corresponding pocket of the new garment.

Singularly enough, from the time of my being reduced to a farthing, fortune ceased to frown. I had not finished the first of the two guineas before others came, and still more followed. It seemed that my penniless hour was the one before the dawning, and the labors which preceded it were to meet their reward. I found popularity when I least expected it, and soon I, too, began to consider two guineas a trifle. Instead of a single garret near the sky, I occupied apartments at the Albany; and when I went to my native place, good gracious, how I was feted! The tide had indeed changed. As a boy, what scrubbing had I not endured, and all arising from my ambition to become famous as a writer—that scribbling mania which impelled me to cap verses instead of doing my Latin exercise, and which brought down on me the wrath, and, worse still, the cane, of the Rev. Dr. Snaffles, head-master of the grammar-school, and vicar of the parish. Awful, most awful, were both his lectures and his whacks; I got the lion's share of both. My father lectured me also, and gave me a long list of the names of those who, preferring the shadow, authorship, to the substance, trade, had died in poverty after a lifelong endeavor to ascend the steps of Fame's temple—steps to them only a mental treadmill, where, compelled to incessant efforts, they yet rose no higher. "Do not fancy yourself a genius, my dear boy," he would say: "talent you possess—that is, you appreciate and take home to your heart the good and the beautiful in the works of others: but do not mistake this for genius. Genius creates for talent to appreciate. The latter I give you credit for possessing; the former you have not. Stick to the counting-house; make your fortune; and then, if the wish remain, write verses and tales by the mile."

My sisters contemned my rhymes, perhaps because I addressed none to them; but, worse than all, Flora Snaffles, the object of my idolatry, did the same. Flora was the doctor's youngest and loveliest daughter, and just my own age. But what girl of sixteen ever deigned to look at a boy of her own years? Nevertheless, *I* looked at *her* fair face, soft, brown eyes, and flowing chestnut curls, and worshipped Flora, quite forgetting the difference between a boy and a young lady.

But what boy-poet was ever without a divinity? So to her, after expending an amount of toil and thought which no after-work of mine ever cost me, I addressed sundry verses, entitled *Lines to Flora*. And what was my reward? I met her, with her confidante, Lucy Jones, the lawyer's daughter, and as they passed, she said, *at me*, but to Lucy: "Poor, foolish boy, I shall not tell papa, for I should not like him to be whipped." And she tossed her head, shaking the glossy curls I had been striving to immortalise.

There was only one, my gentle mother, who gave my luckless compositions a word of praise. She, bless her! used to soothe my ruffled vanity, call my verses pretty, and kiss my forehead with right loving touch; but she bade me obey my father. The end of it all was that, after distinguishing myself for deficiency in Latin at the school-examination, and filling my father's ledgers with poetical in place of arithmetical figures, I forsook the counting-house, and went to seek my fortune, with a resolution not to return if unsuccessful. How different was my coming home!

Before leaving my bachelor's nest in town, I determined to sink the literary man, and give myself up, heart and soul, to that home-life on which I had often cast longing backward glances. Authors soon grow old; if they intend to succeed they must be sharp-sighted, and a man who battles his way upward a hair-breadth at a time, comes in contact with a sufficient number of rough edges to brush away early any superfluous juvenility of feeling. In place, however, of renewing my lost youth, and resuming my old home habits, I was doomed to be exhibited as a "lion" of the first-water. My father publicly owned he had made a great mistake in his estimate of my mental powers. My writings having been, in a great measure, published anonymously, everybody gave me credit for more than I deserved, and, do as I might, the Mudborough folk persisted in thinking it necessary to talk only of literature in my presence.

My former preceptor was amongst the first to call upon me, and a few days after my arrival, I spent an evening at his house. Again and again did the reverend doctor shake my hand, his firm grasp reminded me very much of days when I trembled under his touch. He introduced me to his guests with great pride as a pupil of whom he was justly proud; "though once," he added, "I fear I scarcely appreciated the peculiar talents you possessed. In that I was not, I believe, singular. A prophet, my dear Dick—pardon the familiarity—is never without honor, &c."

And there was Flora—Flora Snaffles still—more beautiful than ever. She did not say, "Poor, foolish boy" now, but placed her hand in mine; and with a gentle, half-hesitating voice, bade me welcome to the vicarage, dropping those bright eyes the while, and letting her luxuriant chestnut curls almost shade her fair face.

She and I got on amazingly. A little later, she brought her album, begging for some contribution in addition to what she already possessed. This last remark required solution, and the bright eyes were archly raised as she pointed out the maiden effort of my muse in a state of perfect preservation. Need I tell what such a beginning led to. Coming home, as I did, with a predisposition to renew all my old loves, and finding there not only the charms of memory, but of novelty also—for of late my life had been so different—is it wonderful that the divinity of my school-days became the goddess of my riper age?

There is a certain homely proverb, much in vogue where I was born, which says: "Old broth is sooner warmed than new broth made," and it is commonly applied to lovers who make up matters after a separation. I verified its wisdom. Flora was very beautiful; she had preserved those verses, which proved that her former indifference was only assumed, and she plainly regarded me as the greatest genius in the world. We got a long way in a little time. My sisters began to giggle and look slily at me when Flora's name was mentioned. Other young ladies, shaking off the awe my literary reputation at first inspired, and finding me in society quite as commonplace as any other man, demurely sought information respecting the mythology of the ancients. They never forgot to ask some question about the floral goddess, whether poets still worshipped her as they felt tempted to believe, &c. Doubtless all this seems silly enough to tell about, but I deemed it very pleasant folly then. Yet smoothly as my love-affair seemed to progress, I was very jealous. Not of any other male individual; I flatter myself there was little risk of successful rivalship to annoy me. The cause of my vexation was a certain Dorcas Society, an admirable institution, yet I hated its very name, because Flora bestowed so much of her time upon it. A species of amiable rivalry existed among the young ladies as to the amount of work contributed, and Flora made herself a perfect slave in the cause. If I asked her to sing or play for me she would cast a glance at a nameless garment on her lap, and beg me to excuse her: until I remonstrated, saying, she really overdid the thing, and made those who wished to claim a little of her time quite jealous of this all-engrossing labor.

It lists not to tell how the point was argued between us; Flora insisting that she did not take one stitch more than it was her duty to do as the vicar's daughter. She seemed almost inclined to pout at my persisting in a contrary opinion, and was mollified only when I promised to make one at the anniversary tea-party in connection with the Society, which was to take place on the following Wednesday. On the Tuesday, "I made myself generally useful, and assisted to decorate the national school-room for the festival, receiving the boughs of evergreen and paper-roses from the fair hands of my lady-love. I was rewarded with many a gracious smile, and more than once had the delightful task of disentangling a spray of holly from those lovely chestnut curls.

"You must come to my table," whispered Flora, as we parted; "and, remember, I shall expect a contribution from you, to make amends for your unkind speeches about the Society."

"As though I could ever have breathed an unkind word in your ear," said I, pressing the soft palm which lay in mine.

The day came. I duly *toed* in public, and I flattered myself, entered into the spirit of the thing, by zealously promoting the locomotion of the cups. After tea came the platform-work—addresses, reports, and vote of thanks to the fair laborers. Lastly came the collection, and Flora stood before me, holding a delicate China plate on which her eyes were bashfully bent, to receive my contribution. I had placed a sovereign ready to hand, and as I deposited the coin in the plate, looked keenly at Flora to see how she relished the gift. Fancy my surprise on seeing the delicate head thrown back, while a look of ineffable scorn was darted at me by the fair plate-bearer, whose face now wore the hue of the deepest-colored paper-rose. She swept past, and that night I saw her no more; so, in place of escorting her home and popping the question on the road, I had to give an arm to each of my sisters. I could not understand it, especially as the two girls would deign nothing but monosyllabic replies to my questions, and made themselves as disagreeable as young ladies can be supposed to be. As my sisters and Flora always 'sailed in the same boat,' I humbly craved to be enlightened by them as to the cause of this change in her manner.

"You ought to know," said my sister Jane, with a toss of the head very similar to the one with which I had been favored earlier in the evening.

"I. Why, what *have* I done?"

"To pretend not to know!" shrieked both girls at once.

"I do *not* know," said I. "I put a sovereign on her plate, and she gave me just such a haughty, disagreeable look as she did long years ago, when I foolishly sent her some verses."

"A pretty sovereign!" again in chorus. "But perhaps," added Jane, "you use a poet's license to call *all* coins sovereigns. We ignorant country-people cannot be supposed to see these things in the same light *as you great literary men.*"

I was out of all patience.

"What *do* you mean?" said I. "You are enough to drive one crazy with your absurd sneers and allusions. Do *I* want to be made a fuss about as a literary man? or what has that to do with Flora Snaffles?"

But I might as well have talked to the door-post. They indignantly retired, leaving me to my anything but agreeable reflections. I slept little that night, and on the following morning rose early. On transferring the contents of my waistcoat pocket from the last worn garment to one more suitable for morning costume, the mystery of Flora's conduct was solved; the sovereign—my intended contribution—was still in my possession. *That farthing* was gone. I had carried it in my pocket until I had become almost unconscious of its existence; and, all unaware of the mistake, had transferred it to the collection-plate in lieu of its golden neighbor. Of course Flora had set it down as a studied insult—following, as it did, on the heels of our little dispute about the Society. I remember hearing the amount of the collection announced as thirty-two pounds, six shillings, and sixpence farthing, with some surprise, little deeming the unlucky fraction was my own contribution. I would not tell my sisters a word, but determined to have a delightful reconciliation scene with Flora. I pictured tears in her soft eyes when I told of my past trials, delight in her countenance at the romance of the thing, and charming confusion when the whole ended with a declaration of love. I almost felt her head on my shoulder, and its glossy curls in my caressing hand. With these feelings, I went to the vicarage.

"Not at home," was the only reply to my inquiries for the family.

Never mind, thought I; a little suspense will enhance the bliss of the meeting.

I went again. I saw Dr. Snaffles, who was stern, and monosyllabic. He was evidently in the secret; so I proceeded to explain.

He remarked in his most pompous manner, "that my practical joke was decidedly out of place."

I was indignant at the insinuation, but asked after the ladies.

"They were quite well; somewhere in the town, making calls, with the exception of Miss Flora, who had departed that morning by an early train to pay a long-promised visit to an aunt, resident somewhere near the Land's End."

And my holiday was just expiring; I could not await her return. I would not say anything to my sisters, being too indignant to take them into my confidence after their distant behaviour.

So I went back to town, resolving to take a run home again in a couple of months, never doubting that all would yet end well. Alas! that I should have it to tell. In six weeks from that date, I received, *viâ* my sister Jane, the wedding-cards of Captain and Mrs. Vernon, *née* Flora Snaffles.

She is in India, now, poor Flora! and I am still a bachelor of the Albany. Trifles, indeed! That farthing!

☞ Most of our popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or of fact. St. Martin is one of the worthiest of the Roman calendar, and a form of prayer commences with these words: "*O mihi beate Martin,*" which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin."

SHE IS NOT LISTENING NOW.

BY E. C. MOORIDGE

I held a parley with my tears,
My tears that fell like rain;
I cannot sing in these dull years
The old exulting strain.
What though this sad declining life
Riches and fame endow,
Too late the peace, too long the strife—
She is not listening now.

To thee, my travel-wearied soul
Would ever fly for rest,
And all its dear-bought stores enroll,
Thou brightest and thou best.
Treasure above all wealth or lore,
As I shall e'er avow,
Thou hast gone hence for evermore,
Thou art not listening now!

True that for thee I would have died,
Or lived all fear above—
And rudest shocks of life defied,
With an o'ermastering love—
In vain this wild and frantic grief,
In vain each fervent vow;
Slow time, wan age, bring small relief,
She is not listening now!

Ah, bound on earth in dearest links
With the soul's brightest chain,—
A whisper comes, "Thy spirit sinks,
Yet shall it climb again
To richest peace—to union sure"
My blest one—answerest thou?
Oh, world, thy worst I may endure,
For she *is* listening now!

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

Very soon after leaving the old shepherd's hut, my thoughts had to revert to matters of ordinary life; to the business, in short, which had occasioned my journey. It may perhaps be as well to give a hasty outline of it. But before doing so, I ought to state, that I was now in the district of the Coal River; so long noted as a place of extra-penal discipline. It proved to be all it had ever been represented to me. The settlers, to a very great extent, were naval and military officers; and it was not merely the convict discipline of the law, which they were administering; but that discipline with their professional view of how it ought to be conducted. Into the ordinary penalty of the courts they infused all the haughty acerbity of the martial rule. As the Governors themselves were military men, they moreover did so with impunity. The main consequence was, that there were gangs of bushrangers in all quarters. In the neighborhood where my journey had to terminate—at the head springs of the Coal River, there had been for some time past, a band of about twenty of these poor wretches, who, maddened by starvation and the lash, had absconded, got possession of arms and a number of horses; and hiding by day in wild glades of the mountains, issued forth and robbed by night. They also followed gullyraking, as already described, and sold the stock they got in, to such settlers of the second class as chose to risk the danger of dealing with them. Sometimes it happened that they got possession by intention or accident, of a stray tame beast belonging to some farm thirty or forty miles off, and sold that with the rest. It was out of a circumstance of this sort that my journey had originated. The manner was as follows:

One afternoon while I was staying in Sydney, the coach from the interior stopped at the door of the tavern where I boarded, which was just at the entrance of the town; and from it alighted a young Australian, scarcely past his minority, a very young woman, his wife, with an infant but a few weeks or rather days old, and one of the police. The constable had him in custody to lodge in Sydney jail, for trial at the coming term of the Criminal Court. The offence the prisoner was charged with, was that of having in his possession and branded with his own brand, a stolen beast. The tavern-keeper and his wife, who were very respectable people, knew both husband and wife from their childhood; and though apparently not altogether surprised, were evidently much pained at the event. The constable came in with them; and it was not till the sun was on the point of setting, that he signified to the young man that he must move on to the jail. Till then the wife had manifested only a wordless dejection; but when her husband's consignment to stone walls and iron bars came, it put a new phase on the matter; and the poor fellow had to leave her in violent hysteria, his child in the arms of strangers. He walked away, not indeed in tears, but looking an agony and humiliation which the spectator might fain hope would do more than any process of law for his subsequent reformation. Had it been himself alone who was to suffer, I should not, I suppose, have troubled myself about the matter. But when by far the chief suffering was to fall on that little child and its almost child-mother, I felt irritated and disgusted with the operation of the law; and promised most *obstinately* within myself, to circumvent it if I could. I have learned to attemper my anger against every form of cruelty save one—cruelty to a child; it was pretty much the same with me then.

In the course of the evening, I asked the young lady what were the circumstances of the case as sworn before the committing magistrate? There was the very one I had surmised from the conversation soon after the arrival of the parties. The case for the crown rested principally on the evidence of an approver. It was he who had sworn that the beast had not strayed accidentally into the young man's herd, and thus been branded by mistake; but was a regular purchase from the bushrangers. Accordingly, next morning I went to the prisoner, reheard the facts, told him how I thought I could make the case break down, and made my bargain. He was to pay all expenses, and simply remunerate me for time, be it less or more. There were yet several weeks before the trial came on; ample for my purpose. The prisoner had been committed from a district about a hundred miles from where Fearon, the approver, *who was still at large*, had a station and a herd of cattle; and I felt sure that what F. did at one place he would do at another. But being rich, and a relation of one of the magistrates, they none of them cared to look into his part of the matter; had admitted him as King's evidence, and, contrary to all legal custom and policy, taken his own recognizance to appear. I wanted a case against *him*; and a warrant from some magistrate who was not aware of his being needed as a witness for the crown; and finally his arrest and transmission to the Coal River for examination just when he was required to be in Sydney to give evidence.

On arriving in the vicinity of his farm I soon got a case against him. The stockmen in his neighborhood immediately comprehended that he might serve them the same trick next—(for almost all this class of men were implicated at that period in such affairs); and saw that their best way was to get rid of him by being first on hand. They pointed out a beast in his herd too remarkable to be unknown to the owner, and gave me the owner's name. I found him. He identified the beast, and the warrant was issued; a constable accompanying me back from the Coal River to execute it.

Once more I was back in Sydney; leaving the constable four miles out of town, where the roads from all the various parts of the interior ended in one main, so as to intercept F. if not yet arrived; while I sought him out in Sydney if already there. The eve of the day on which the trial was to take place came, and still no success. Only of one thing we were sure:—he was not in town. But the time came at last. About an hour after dark a military patrol, stationed a couple of miles above, informed the constable that just such a man as he had been looking for was baiting his horse at the next tavern.

In a few minutes more F. was in handcuffs. He was too confounded to recollect that he could still have demanded to be taken to the adjacent magistrate, and thus have been ordered to be first forwarded to Sydney. I scarcely cared which course the matter took. The one was about as good as the other. If he failed to appear, there was no evidence but could be got over. If he was brought forward, it would be in custody on the present charge; and the verification of that fact to the jury by the constable at his elbow would fatally damage the prosecution.

The trial came on about the middle of the afternoon of the following day. Dr. Wardle (L. L. D.), formerly editor of one of the London evening papers, and son of the celebrated Col. Wardle, who some years before, in the House of Commons, impeached the conduct of the Duke of York as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, so effectively as finally to cause his resignation of the office, was retained on behalf of the prisoner. As a pleader on the part of the defence, his peculiar tactics were well suited to the present case. The most remorseless and terrible of assailants, an almost invariable result of his pleading was to leave an impression on the mind of the auditory that the accuser was an incomparably baser party than the accused. He was of course made fully aware of the step that had been taken.

The prisoner's wife—and she was as lovely as she was young—pressed as near to him as the dock permitted; and with her babe sleeping in her arms stood awaiting the proceedings with the powers of a dozen persons' senses awakened in her own. Her Australian complexion (creole of the lightest shade), alternately suffused with the flush of excitement and pallid with deadly faintness; her large eyes dilated and restless; her auburn hair, as the nervous energy settled elsewhere, losing its curl, and beginning to droop dishevelled from beneath the sides of her bonnet; her stature, ample for an older woman; her figure slender, compact and round as a little tree. All eyes were soon fixed on her in compassionate interest. But she was utterly insensible of the gaze of that crowded court. Her own took in but two objects, the accused and his judges.

I had taken my station behind Dr. Wardle. This placed me opposite the Attorney-General. He was reputed to be a very hard drinker and a very passionate man, and I wished to see how he would look when he found his witness not forthcoming.

The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. The Attorney-General gave the facts of the case as already narrated. "The owner of the animal would swear to it as being still his property; and Mr. Fearon, a large stockholder, whom it appeared the prisoner had by some means deluded into a slight complicity in the matter, would inform the court that the prisoner was all along aware of the beast having been stolen by the parties (bushrangers) of whom it was purchased. The character of the chief witness, whatever might be said on the other side, he could vouch for; the committing magistrate had been satisfied with merely taking his own recognizance to appear and give evidence." A low derisive laugh, not obtrusive, yet clear and fearless, rang from the spot where Dr. Wardle was seated, as the Attorney-General made this last remark. It was not beyond the limits of propriety, and it was as certainly not within them. The learned gentleman had a peculiar talent of almost maddening his opponents, when he pleased; but as he had more than once shown himself quite ready to follow up the duello of words with that of weapons, his compeers were rather on their guard about taking unnecessary offence. The Attorney-General paused a few seconds, trembling from head to foot with anger, but mastered himself and went on. He was a large man, and his uncouth movements during the few moments when his self-possession was staggered, were noticeable enough; and he must have been fully conscious of it. When he commenced again, either to avenge himself or to withdraw his mind from the annoying circumstance, he concentrated the whole force of his powers into an effort to secure the conviction of the prisoner.

At length he proceeded to call his witnesses. The owner appeared and deposed to the ownership and the loss. No cross-examination, of course. Next, Fearon was summoned. After a couple of minutes he was called again. Several minutes now elapsed; all the constables about, began moving toward the door to assist in finding him; spectators, the members of the bar, and finally the Judges began to exhibit symptoms of curiosity as to how it was to end. By this time the Attorney-General was swallowing, by mouthfuls, a glass of water, evidently anxious, and irritated to the utmost, but determined not to commit himself by any further exhibition of his annoyance. At length the chief constable approached and spoke in whispers to him, and again went away. Rising and addressing the Judges, the Attorney-General said—"Something unforeseen must be detaining the witness, for his recognizance was in no less sum than a thousand pounds." "Oh! this is not the first case by many," said Dr. Wardle, also now rising at the opposite side of the table, and as his wont often was, speaking as if to himself, whilst he bowed to the Bench, "not the first case by many a score, in which a perjurer in a lower court, has quailed at the risk of coming forward (after there has been time to search into his testimony,) and repeating it before a tribunal where he would be made to exchange places with the accused. If their Honors wished, he could give them some information which might save the time of the court." The Judges appeared not to wish to make any immediate reply; and in an instant or two the doctor sat down. The Attorney General also forbore any further interposition.

After the lapse of some seven or eight minutes, the Chief Justice, addressing himself to Dr. Wardle, said that if he happened to be in possession of any fact connected with the non-appearance of the witness, that he thought it desirable for the Judges to be made aware of, he would be so good as to state it. The doctor rose again:—"There was a gentleman near him," he said, "who had lately come in from the Coal River; and from him he had learned that the witness who had been just summoned was one of the last persons likely to be seen in that court at the present time. The fact was, that he was one of the most notorious cattle-thieves in the territory; had been so for years; whilst the youth at the bar, if guilty at all, was merely one of his many victims. Within the last few days a warrant had been issued for this Mr. Fearon's apprehension, on the positive deposition of no less than five individuals, to one of his numerous acts of felony. And one or other of two things was certain: either he was now in custody on that warrant, and *could* not appear; or he was concealing himself to escape arrest, and *would* not appear. Being retained on behalf of the prisoner, it became his clear duty under such circumstances to make their Honors acquainted with these facts; which, if it were proper, could be verified by affidavit. The young man at the bar had already suffered pretty severely for his connection—whether less or more he knew not—with this notorious felon."

It is almost superfluous to describe the further progress of the scene. After some general conversation the witness was summoned the third time. The Chief Justice merely said to the jury that they had before them all the evidence which the counsel for the crown was able to produce in support of the indictment; *and the court itself had no more.* If the jury could find in that evidence enough to convict the prisoner at the bar, they (the judges) could not divine what would have been the use of bringing forward the witness who had failed to appear, and upon whose testimony so much stress was laid by the counsel for the crown. The jury without retiring returned a verdict of *Not Guilty.*

The short but deep silence that follows a verdict was not over—men had not released their restrained breath, ere there rang through the wide and lofty hall a shriek of frantic joy, piercing, exultant as a clarion-note; and then instantly bursts of hysteric laughter; and words wild, wild, wild. Then suddenly the agonizing scream of the startled infant, and the voices and cries of pitying women rushing forward to help. I venture to say there was not a man in that thronged assembly, but for an instant or two his blood stood still in his veins, and icy thrills shot along every nerve.

The young Australian was once more free. How long he might make sure of continuing so, beside himself, no one save his wife knew. He might possibly have been led into other foolish transactions with the gang of bushrangers; for he lived at a lonely spot where he must have shown them some countenance, or risked their animosity. He was, therefore, strenuously advised to sell out and leave the colony. A vessel was on the point of leaving Port Jackson for South America. His wife's brother made him a sufficient advance in cash; and received a power of attorney to sell his estate and remit the balance. He was really in affluent circumstances; and elsewhere than in such a country, and affected by such circumstances, would probably never have fallen into such imprudence. In two days from the time of his acquittal he was out of the colony.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUAKER LADIES.—Professor Blackie, in his work on "Beauty," says:—"The Quaker matron generally carries with her that serene atmosphere of moral repose to which a gay and flaunting vesture would be a discord; but a young Quaker lady, in the most sportive season of life, full of laughing fancies and fluttering sensibilities, being pinned up in a plain gray boddice, is as great a mistake in its way as a minister of the Gospel or a grave philosopher would be in a harlequin's coat; and therefore I have observed that young ladies of that sect, especially when they are pretty and lively, do not at all affect the severe costume."

THE MISCHIEF MAKER.—When the absent are spoken of, some will speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some lead, and some always speak dirt, for they have a natural attraction towards what is evil, and think it shows a penetration in them. As a cat watching for mice does not look up though an elephant goes by, so they are so busy mousing for defects, that they let great excellencies pass them unnoticed. I will not say it is not *Christian* to make heads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is *infernal*. If you want to know how the devil feels, you *do know* if you are such a one.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

MR. RAREY'S SECRET.

The republication of a work in England published by Mr. Rarey some years ago in this country, has disclosed Mr. Rarey's secret. We copy the following statements from the "London Field:"—

It appears from the following extract from the morning papers of June 24, that Mr. Rarey's associates are beginning to come to the conclusion that they have been "done" inasmuch as it seems that the identical plan which he has sold as a great and invaluable secret at 10 guineas a head, was published by him in America two years ago, and is now reprinted by the Messrs. Routledge, in a book sold at 6d. Thus the public can now obtain for that trifling sum a printed description of the process which Mr. Rarey has been hitherto getting £10 10s. for, and coupled with a condition of secrecy which has alone caused it to be sold at that price. We, ourselves, have all along done our best to place our readers on their guard, and to prevent their purses being drawn to this extent, always excepting those who had an overflowing exchequer, and could afford to gratify the whim of the hour at any cost. We do not wonder at the indignation of Mr. Leslie, one of Mr. Rarey's subscribers, who came forward on Wednesday last, at the Kinnerton Street lecture, and complained (as is alleged),

"In a manner not altogether gracious or respectful that, although he had paid ten guineas to learn Mr. Rarey's system, and had entered into a bond of £500 not to betray the secret, he yet found that a pamphlet had been published for sixpence, which purported to be written by Mr. Rarey, and to contain the same information as that which he communicated in his lectures. He wished to know, under the circumstances, what part of the secret it was which he was required to conceal, and whether the subscribers were to be placed in a worse position in regard to divulging the mysteries of the system than the public who read the pamphlet?"

Mr. Rarey made the following lame apology, which we give verbatim from the report, stating—

"That the pamphlet was a reprint of one which he had published in America some years ago, and against the piracy of which, as there was no international copyright, he could obtain no protection. The pamphlet, he remarked, could not be said to contain the details of his system as now perfected by long subsequent experience and observation."

Mr. Leslie has also addressed the following letter to the Editor of the Morning Post, which leaves no doubt of the "secret" being the same as that long ago published in America:

SIR,—Being one of Mr. Rarey's pupils, and the person who commenced the remarks to-day at the Kinnerton Round-house on the subject of the bond to secrecy of £500 entered into individually by all subscribers, I feel at liberty to recommend subscribers to look into their position as regards the bond of secrecy, seeing that a treatise on "The Modern Art of Taming Wild Horses," by J. S. Rarey, the Horse Tamer, reprinted from the American edition, can be obtained at the publishers, Messrs. G. Routledge & Co., Farringdon Street, City, for the sum of 6d.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) FARQUHAR LESLIE.

45 Rutland-gate, S. W.

Thus the "secret" is admitted to be the same as that published by Messrs. Routledge, which again is identical with Mr. Darby's plan, as described by us in our number for June the 5th, as will be shown by the following extract from the book alluded to:

"How to Drive a Horse that is Very Wild and Has Any Vicious Habits.

"Take up one fore foot and bend his knee till his hoof is bottom upwards, and nearly touching his body; then slip a loop over his knee, and up until it comes above the pastern joint, to keep it up, being careful to draw the loop together between the hoof and pastern joint with a second strap of some kind to prevent the loop from slipping down and coming off. This will leave the horse standing on three legs: you can now handle him as you wish, for it is utterly impossible for him to kick in this position. There is something in this operation of taking up one foot that conquers a horse quicker and better than anything else you can do to him. There is no process in the world equal to it to break a kicking horse, for several reasons. First, there is a principle of this kind in the nature of the horse: that by conquering one member you conquer to a great extent the whole horse.

"You have perhaps seen men operate upon this principle, by sewing a horse's ears together to prevent him from kicking. I once saw a plan given in a newspaper to make a bad horse stand to be shod, which was to fasten down one ear. There were no reasons given why you should do so; but I tried it several times, and thought that it had a good effect—though I would not recommend its use, especially stitching his ears together. The only benefit arising from this process is, that by disarranging his ears we draw his attention to them, and he is not apt to resist the shoeing. By tying up one foot we operate on the same principle to a much better effect. When you first fasten up a horse's foot he will sometimes get very mad, and strike with his knee, and try every possible way to get it down; but he cannot do that, and will soon give up.

"This will conquer him better than anything you could do, and without any possible danger of hurting himself or you either, for you can tie up his foot and sit down and look at him until he gives up. When you find that he is conquered, go to him, let down his foot, rub his leg with your hand, caress him, and let him rest a little; then put it up again. Repeat this a few times, always putting up the same foot, and he will soon learn to travel on three legs so that you can drive him some distance. As soon as he gets a little used to this way of travelling, put on your harness, and hitch him to a sulky. If he is the worst kicking horse that ever raised a foot you need not be fearful of his doing any damage while he has one foot up, for he cannot kick, neither can he run fast enough to do any harm. And if he is the wildest horse that ever had harness on, and has run away every time he has been hitched, you can now hitch him in a sulky, and drive him as you please. If he wants to run, you can let him have the lines, and the whip too, with perfect safety, for he can go but a slow gait on three legs, and will soon be tired, and willing to stop; only hold him enough to guide him in the right direction, and he will soon be tired and willing to stop at the word. Thus you will effectually cure him at once of any further notion of running off. Kicking horses have always been the dread of everybody; you always hear men say, when they speak about a bad horse, 'I don't care what he does, so he don't kick.' This new method is an effectual cure for this worst of all habits. There are plenty of ways by which you can hitch a kicking horse, and force him to go, though he kicks all the time: but this doesn't have any good effect towards breaking him, for we know the horses kick because they are afraid of what is behind them, and when they kick against it and it hurts them they will only kick the harder; and this will hurt them still more, and make them remember the scrape much longer, and make it still more difficult to persuade them to have any confidence in anything dragging behind them ever after.

"But by this new method you can hitch them to a rattling sulky, plough, wagon, or anything else in its worst shape. They may be frightened at first, but cannot kick or do anything to hurt themselves, and will soon find that you do not intend to hurt them, and then they will not care anything more about it. You can then let down the leg and drive along gently without any further trouble. By this new process a bad kicking horse can be learned to go gentle in harness in a few hours' time."—*Rarey*, pp. 50-53.

Our correspondents (Mr. Edward Drew and "Cui Bono") completely confirm the opinion which we have before expressed, as to the efficiency of Mr. Darby's plan, which has been practised by both of them with success. The latter gentleman mistakes our reasons for objecting to the reliance upon it in *general* breaking, which is, that it is liable to abuse, inasmuch as it hastens the power of mounting without at the same time producing "a mouth"—in which opinion we are confirmed by our experienced contributor, "Scrutator," whose valuable letter on the subject has reached us too late for insertion this week. Thus the careless breaker, who generally takes colts at so much per head, will be tempted to return them as "broken" as soon as he is able to show them quiet and submissive, while their mouths are almost as completely unformed as if they had never a bit in their mouths. We, therefore, have cautioned our readers against relying upon the plan; and we would far rather that some method of *delaying* the process of breaking to a couple of months were introduced, instead of making it an affair of a couple of days. "Cui Bono" very properly lays great stress upon the necessity for good hands, without which "gift" a breaker may be able to make his charge quiet enough; but he cannot produce in him that delightful "give and take" mouth which the experienced horseman so seldom meets with and yet prizes so highly.

SORGHO, OR CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says that the Sorgho or Chinese Sugar Cane, which has attracted so much attention, formed a prominent feature in the late annual agricultural exhibition of France. This plant is extensively and successfully cultivated in the south of France, and in Algeria; and as an evidence of the extent and variety of the application of its material, we may mention that at the late exhibition at Avignon, M. Prieur exhibited a group of samples illustrative of the metamorphoses to which he has subjected it. Nothing could be more curious than the succession of transformations there shown. In one corner could be seen the sorgho in stalk, such as it is when cut; a little further, were its fibres converted into thread, in skein; then a piece of linen woven with the thread; then a handsome cloak, bordered with furs, which M. Prieur designs for the Prince Imperial.

The most curious and complete array of the products of the sorgho, however, at the same exhibition, was that of Dr. Sicard, of Marseilles. With the pith he has manufactured excellent sugar, which will favorably compare with any other whatever. By grinding the seed, he has obtained flour and fecula, of which he has made bread and chocolate, which the many tasters have found palatable. He extracts, moreover, from the plant an abundance of alcohol of superior quality, and besides a most agreeable wine, containing in large quantity all the tonic and other salutary elements of the juice of the grape. In addition, he makes paper out of it, of which he showed evidence in superior samples; by chemical agents, he gets from it gamboge, glueeng, carbon; skeins of cotton, wool and thread, dyed with sorgho, in those delicate and varying shades which hitherto have been found only in the stuffs and articles coming directly from China. We should add that the new derivations (as we may style them) from the cane are complete, and can be delivered to trade and industry at determinate prices.

AREA IN SQUARE MILES OF STATES AND TERRITORIES.

States, &c.	Area in Sq. miles.	States, &c.	Area in Sq. miles.
Alabama,	50,722	Missouri,	67,380
Arkansas,	52,198	Nebraska Ter.,	136,700
California,	188,981	New Hampshire,	9 280
Columbia District,	60	New Jersey,	8,320
Connecticut,	4,674	N. Mexico Ter.,	210,744
Delaware,	2,130	N. York,	46,000
Florida,	59,268	N. Carolina,	45,000
Georgia,	58,000	N. W. Ter.,	587,584
Illinois,	55,405	Ohio,	39,964
Indiana,	33,809	Oregon Ter.,	341,463
Indian Terr'ty,	187,171	Pennsylvania,	46,000
Iowa,	50,914	Rhode Island,	1 300
Kentucky,	37,680	South Carolina,	24,500
Louisiana,	46,431	Tennessee,	45,000
Maine,	30,000	Texas,	237,422
Maryland,	9,356	Utah Ter.,	187,923
Massachusetts,	7,800	Vermont,	10,212
Michigan,	56,242	Virginia,	61 325
Minnesota Ter'ty,	83,000	Wisconsin,	52,924
Mississippi,	47,156	Washington Ter.,	

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.—An extraordinary catastrophe occurred at Naples lately in one of the principal families of the city. The Marchesa Castellucio took her three children, of whom the eldest is scarcely eight, to the Florentini Theatre to see Alfieri's tragedy of "Oreste," and the performance made a great impression on them. The next day, to amuse themselves, the children imitated the last scene; the eldest boy taking a kitchen knife as a poignard, plunged it into his sister's throat, and inflicted so serious a wound that she died in a few minutes. He then wounded his younger brother dangerously, and afterwards plunged the knife into his own breast near the heart, inflicting a very serious wound. At this moment the mother entered, and her despair at finding one child dead, and the other two dangerously wounded, may be imagined.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.—A correspondent of the Washington (D. C.) Union, writing from Antwerp, says that a machine for cleansing cotton seed has lately been invented, and is now in operation in that city. From two to three tons of seed can be cleansed per day by a machine of four-horse power, with the assistance of three persons. The cotton surrounding the seed is taken clean off, and can be sold to carpet manufacturers and papermakers at from thirty to fifty francs the one hundred kilogrammes. After the oil is pressed out, the cakes remaining can be sold for the same price as other cakes of oleaginous seeds. The cost of the machinery is said not to be expensive. This is an important invention, and promises to be of incalculable advantage to cotton-growers.

WIFE PINCHING.—The Hartford Free Press gives the following synopsis of a case which occurred at Bristol, Connecticut:

"A man—call him Smith—went to bed and wanted the bed-room door left open. His wife thought the weather cool enough to shut it.—She went to bed an hour after, but before the dispute was settled he pinched her. They both went to sleep, and the next day she went home to her father. She complained to the grand jury, and Smith was fined $6 and costs. Smith appealed to the Superior Court. His defence was that she threw her leg that way, and hit a boil from which he was suffering, and that he merely struck out to save himself. Two lawyers on each side were engaged."

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

WHAT THE LEADING BRITISH PRESS THINKS OF THE AMERICAN POSSESSION OF THE ISLAND.

The London Times of July 7th, concludes an article about Spain and the slave trade, as follows:—

"Lord Malmesbury has been protesting in terms forcible indeed, yet warranted by the disgraceful facts, against the manner in which Spain has violated her most solemn obligations as to the importation of slaves into Cuba. Upon this Spanish pride has taken fire. Spain is not proud enough to do no wrong, but quite proud enough to take offence at the imputation of it. Every one who has looked into the question of the slave trade at all, knows well for the last twenty years and more, Cuba, under the protection of the Spanish flag, has been the mainstay and prop of the system. There has been no direct importation of slaves into the United States during that time. In the Brazils the traffic has virtually ceased. In Cuba alone it is carried out in full vigor. There was but one chance of dealing successfully with the traffic, and that was that the local government should interfere to suppress it. All our exertions at sea could have little effect beyond running up the rate of insurance. Now, every effort that has been made to procure orders to this effect—real, not nominal orders—has proved fruitless. The time has arrived when we are called upon to review our policy in this matter. We will not follow the example of the idle braggarts at Madrid and prattle about visionary invasions. Why, even if we had the will, should we be at the trouble of applying direct pressure to Spain? Thus much is clear—that if Lord Malmesbury were this day to give Mr. Dallas the faintest hint that England would stand neutral in the matter, Cuba in three months' time would be a State of the North American Union.

"Let us look this question boldly in the face. What interest has England in the integrity of the colonial dominions of Spain? What is it to us if Cuba be to-morrow an American in place of a Spanish possession? Our only interest in the question for a long time past has been a moral, not a material one. Nay, our material interests have been in direct opposition to that line of policy which we have pursued on the grounds of humanity. Cuba in the hands of American citizens would be a much more productive market than at present. Our manufacturers and merchants could buy and sell more with American than with Spanish Cuba.

"If it is to remain a slave importing country we had as lief, nay rather, that it should pass into American hands. Patience and forbearance have been tried out, and the time has fairly arrived when we may consider if we should not be playing our own game more wisely by standing still while the Cabinet at Washington carried out the long cherished designs of the American people upon the Island of Cuba. It is not impossible that the States would be willing to come to an understanding with us, that if Cuba passed quietly into their possession our wishes with regard to the further importation of slaves into the island would not be disregarded.

"What is Spain to us that we should interfere further to protect her colonial possessions? The only arguments which we are disposed to consider, after the treatment we have met with, from successive cabinets at Madrid, are those which apply to our own interests and well-being. Looking at the question from this point of view, two arguments might be urged—there is probably no great weight in either. It might be said, in the first place, that it would be short-sighted policy in us to stimulate the progress of the United States in wealth and power, for the time may come when they may prove formidable antagonists to ourselves. This is but a paltry policy, after all; for whatever we may do, the vast confederation on the other side of the Atlantic will go on increasing in strength and in extent of domain. We do not look grudgingly on this progress; on the contrary, it is the best thing that can be wished for this country, that the States should be a prosperous and a growing power. If the statesmen who guide the destinies of the confederation have but the forbearance to abstain from violating public law, and the canons of public morality, God speed their work! But to us, in any case, what can it signify whether they conquer a province from the desert, or from the Gulf of Mexico? As long as we retain our naval power they will not interfere with us; and that once gone, the presence or absence of Cuba in the scale would signify but little indeed.

"It might be said, in the second place, that it would be unwise for us to stand still, as lookers on, while Spain was weakened by the loss of her colonial possessions, from considerations of European policy. The Pyrenees are not higher than they were in the days of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here, again, the argument does not appear to have any considerable weight. Spain derives no substantial strength from her colonies which would help her to resist an invader; and, if she did, what is that to us? We know the sacrifices we made for the preservation of the Spanish Monarchy in the first years of the present century; and what has been our reward? What advantage to the extent of one shilling, or of the faintest element of power, have we derived from the Spanish alliance? We can point to a long list of unsatisfied claims, of unpaid debt, of obligations disregarded, and of violated faith; but of help, when we needed help, or of common gratitude for services of the most vivid importance, there has not been one tittle. Let us at length consider this question on its own merits. Is it possible that, with reference to English views and feelings, Cuba could be in worse hands than it is at present?

MR. MORPHY, who arrived out by the Africa, quietly walked into the St. George's Chess Club one night last week, and, after beating Mr. Lewen, who is a recognized champion, with the greatest ease, offered a challenge to Mr. Staunton, the British *Cœur de Leon* of the noble game. Mr. Staunton accepted the proposition, sat down, went to work, almost cleared the board in some twenty moves, and was about withdrawing in contempt, when he was arrested by a "check," which in three moves more grew into a "mate." You may imagine the consternation of the hero and of the lookers-on. "May I ask your name, sir?" said Mr. S. "Certainly, sir," replied his young antagonist. "My name is Morphy." "Oh! of America." "Yes, sir." "Ah! then, I am sorry, but I am not *quite in play* just now. I should rather not risk another game just at present." And so Mr. Staunton withdrew. The event has excited quite as great a sensation in the world of chess as was bred in the world of yachtsmen by the victory of the America; and Mr. Morphy has made up a match with Anderson, the Hungarian, upon which all England that playeth chess will, of course, be vehemently betting in the course of a fortnight. You may regard this as a set-off, perhaps, against the defeat of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses, though it should be remembered that the battle even there is not yet given up.—*London Times.*

FROM KANSAS.—Gen. Calhoun, at last, has issued certificates of election to all those elected under the Lecompton Constitution.

The Free-State members from Leavenworth will receive certificates, which gives that party a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

The returns for State officers will be made to the Legislature, in whose hands the whole subject rests.

FROM UTAH.—Orders had been issued that no one should leave the ranks of the army in passing through Salt Lake City, except from absolute necessity, and that care be taken that the herds did not trespass upon the fields of citizens.

THE DE RIVIERE SCANDAL.

The New York papers contain the conclusion of the De Riviere case. Miss Blount having returned to her father, now states that instead of having been voluntarily delivered up by the parties who had her in charge, chief among whom was Dr. William Mulford, brother to the counsel in the case, she had herself escaped, having been detained against her will! This was stated in Court before Judge Ogden, by Mr. Ransom, Col. Blount's lawyer—the hearing being on the charge that the return made by Mr. Huncke to the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of Miss Blount, was false in every particular. Mr. Ransom also stated that efforts had been made to induce Miss Blount to go to De Riviere, but that she had succeeded in getting her father's protection. She had been placed by the abductors at a farmer's house near Gloucester, N. J., and escaped by borrowing three dollars from the farmer to pay her fare. Dr. Mulford, it is said, followed, and endeavored to persuade her to return with him or to go to her mother. When she refused, he accompanied her, it is stated, to New York, and left her on Dr. De Wees's doorstep, opposite Grace Church, at three o'clock A. M. As the case stands, it looks like a conspiracy to abduct, in which Dr. Mulford, his brother the lawyer, and Huncke are parties.

De Riviere, it seems, appeared at Gloucester while the young lady was at the farm-house, and inquired for letters under an assumed name, at the Post-office, where a detective was waiting to nab him. The detective being absent-minded at the time, and being recognized by De Riviere, the latter escaped, much to the mortification of the officer, who, of course, did not get the $1,000 reward, offered by Colonel Blount for the capture of the Zouave! Colonel Blount having recovered his daughter, it is thought the hunt for the miserable adventurer will now be discontinued.

Miss Blount, as described when she appeared in court, is a young lady of attractive appearance. She is above medium height, and quite slender. Her features are quite interesting.—She has a large, full forehead, black eyes, and a well-modelled face. She was unnaturally pale, which may be owing to illness consequent upon excitement. She was dressed in a low-necked barege dress, with full skirt, a light shawl, bonnet and green veil.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* says:—"Mme. Arnoux-Riviere—the person married last year by Riviere—has also been in New York for two or three days. Having withdrawn to a convent in Philadelphia, she has left it temporarily to vindicate her position, of which the assertions of Riviere might create some doubt. The papers she has produced, and the honorable testimonials that sustain her, place her identity and the validity of her marriage beyond all suspicion. She is a fine-looking and intelligent woman, but shows traces of the sufferings through which she has passed."

A letter from Col. Blount appears in the *N. Y. Express*, indignantly denouncing as infamous calumnies certain statements which appeared in the Cleveland *Herald*, respecting the antecedents of Mrs. Blount, and which therefore we refrain from publishing. Her conduct in the present case, the Colonel attributes to hallucination, the result of positive disease.

Huncke has received the reward of his complicity in the abduction of Miss Blount—having been sentenced to pay a fine of $200, to be imprisoned twenty days in the County Jail of Hudson, and on the expiration thereof, to be further imprisoned until the fine be paid. Judge Ogden reviewed the matter in a clear and forcible manner in a very able opinion. His Honor plainly said that, while he would impose such a sentence as would show that he would uphold the dignity of the Court, and teach people that they could not contemn its mandates with impunity, he would also teach them what it was to aid the machinations of a foreign adventurer of questionable, if not reckless character, in keeping a child from her parent; and in aiding a wife to rebel against the authority of her husband. Such a decision, we think, cannot fail to give general satisfaction.

The Hudson County Court of Oyer and Terminer sat on the 23d, for the purpose of receiving bail from John Huncke, landlord of the Napoleon Hotel, who is charged with perjury. A Mr. Henry Fincke, of Jersey City, and Richard Colea, a boarder at the Napoleon, are the sureties. The bail is $1,000. The accused will have to appear at the October term of the Court, to stand his trial for perjury.

Mulford, the counsel for De Riviere, has not yet been arrested, but the officers are after him. He is charged with subornation of perjury. Davis, the barkeeper of the Napoleon, has also been held to bail to answer a like accusation, in the sum of $1,000.

The same morning, Mrs. Blount paid a visit to Huncke, in prison, and expressed the deepest sympathy for him, at the same time assuring him that in the end he would not be the loser. Mrs. B. was accompanied by her son. The understanding is, that she will join her husband, and that the family (Emily included) will leave for Mobile on the 24th.

As to the movements of the "gallant Zouave," the author of all this fuss, we are all in the dark; but people who profess to know something are quite certain that he is not so far away from New York as most folks suppose.

SOMETHING FOR THE NATURALIST.—We have on this frontier two natural curiosities which we have never seen in the writings of naturalists. One is of the vegetable, and the other of the animal kingdom. The vegetable is a small plant, not unlike the water cress, or common field parsley, in appearance, and grows in the uplands, on places remote from water, in quantities sufficient to supply that necessary ailment to large herds of cattle. A specimen of this singular plant was presented us by Mr. Adolph Glasvecke, who assures us it has afforded his cattle the only water they have had through the whole of the protracted drought we have had upon us. His stock farm, he assures us, has no standing or running water within miles of it, yet his cattle have kept in better order than some of his neighbors', while the only water they obtained was from this valuable plant. We have not a knowledge of botany sufficient to classify it, but can fully credit the statement of our friend. Each of the leaves of the plants given us, at noon-day, present the appearance of having just received a shower of rain, and when pressed between the fingers yield several drops of cool limpid water. The presence of this plant is invaluable on some of our lands, where water is so scarce.

The other curiosity to which we allude is a honey-making ant. We had before read of many varieties of this industrious little animal, but never before of this class. In size and color it resembles the ordinary red ant, so common in all the Southern States, but its singularity consists in a globule of honey, about the size of a pea, which this ant has attached to it, after the manner in which a spider carries her young. The curiosity hunter would find a rich field for his researches on this frontier.—*Brownsville Flag.*

SALE OF THE WEST BRANCH CANAL.—The Jersey Shore Vedette says the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company has sold the West Branch Canal, extending from Tangascootac to Northumberland, and that portion of the Susquehanna division extending from Northumberland to the Junction, about one hundred miles in length, to a company of gentlemen who, we understand, will assume their management under the name of the West Branch Canal Company. The price named is $500,000. The Presidency of the new Company has been conferred upon Hon. John A. Gamble, of Jersey Shore.

BEWARE OF SUDDEN CHANGES.—A few days since, a man in Preston, C. W., while perspiring very freely from excessive heat, went into an ice-house, and died in a few minutes.

MR. DICKENS.—The London correspondent of the New York Tribune, professes to state the "facts" of the unhappy separation between Mr. Dickens and his wife, as follows:—

Since the slanders against Chas. Dickens have crossed the Atlantic, and his manly disclaimer did not enter into the details, you may allow me to state the facts of the case. Mrs. Dickens did not feel comfortable in the society of Mr. Dickens's literary friends, nor did Mr. Dickens much like the visiting acquaintances of his wife; but as long as their children were receiving their education they remained united in spite of the difference of their tastes and tempers. Toward the end of last year, however, they peaceably separated, without any quarrel, by mutual consent, the daughters remaining with the father, under the superintendence of their aunt, Mrs. Dickens's sister, while the son went with the mother. They visited one another, and remained on good terms, and nobody found fault with the arrangement. But society, so called, began to fill the town in Spring; people unacquainted with the domestic affairs of the novelist thought it strange that Dickens left his cards at some friends with those of his daughters and of his sister-in-law, without the card of his wife: society, without inquiring, got into a fit of virtue and decency, the most absurd and most infamous stories were circulated for three or four days, until Dickens came out in his paper and silenced them. There is not a shadow of truth in them, and Dickens's character stands again as high as ever in England, and I hope the same will likewise be the case in America.

UTAH AFFAIRS.—The army under General Johnston entered Salt Lake City, on the 26th. The Mormons were all at Provo, with the exception of about one hundred and fifty men, who remained in Salt Lake City to take care of the crops, stock, and other property. Communication between the Peace Commissioners and Brigham Young was kept up daily, and the best and most peaceable feeling seemed to prevail. There is not a single woman in Salt Lake City, except the wife of Governor Cumming.

The Mormons would not rent their houses in the city, and it was supposed that the troops would be compelled to camp near West Mountain, which is about twelve miles west of the city.

The much talked of Mormon fortifications at Echo Canon were found by the army to be very considerable in extent, but planned with a remarkable ignorance of military tactics. The officers are said to have smiled at beholding them.

BOGUS COIN.—An exchange, treating of bogus coin, says that the material from which it is manufactured, and which forms so perfect an imitation of the genuine as to require a practised eye to detect the difference, is composed of fine grain tin and nickel—the latter ingredient serving to harden and give the ringing sound. The moulds are shaped like a bullet mould with two parts that open and shut together like shears. At one extremity a mould is made, composed of plaster of Paris in a plastic state, of sufficient breadth to admit the insertion of several genuine coins, which are placed between the two sides and shut together. After the plaster of Paris has sufficiently hardened, the mould is opened, leaving both sides of the coin distinctly impressed on the two arms of the mould. The melted composition is then run in through an orifice, and after cooling is taken out and galvanized. The cost of grain tin, one of the ingredients, is fifty cents per pound, making the cost of bogus coin about 15 cents on the dollar.

DEATH OF A RUSSIAN LADY FROM GLANDERS.—The awful death of Madame Palesikoff, one of the most charming amongst all that bevy of charming Russian ladies who sometimes gladden the winters of Paris, has created a terrible shock amongst the circles she so lately embellished by her presence. The unhappy lady left Paris but a short time ago on a summer tour to Germany. While stepping from the door of the opera house at Berlin, to gain her carriage, she let fall one of her bracelets close to the pavement. Stooping to pick it up, she noticed at the time, laughingly, that "one of the horses belonging to a carriage standing at hand had dropped his head so close to her face that he had touched her, and left a moist kiss upon her cheek." In a few days the unfortunate lady was taken ill with that most horrible disease, glanders, and, in a few days more, breathed her last, in spite of the attendance of the first physicians of Berlin, and every resource to be obtained by wealth or by the ceaseless vigilance of friends.—*Court Journal.*

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Court of Appeals of Kentucky has affirmed the decision of Chancellor Logan in the telegraph case. The history of the case is briefly this. Mr. A. Camp made an offer by telegraph to a party in Cincinnati for a lot of whiskey at a specified sum. In the transmission of the despatch over the wires a mistake of a ¼ cent was made, by increasing the price offered for it by Camp, and the party at Cincinnati sold it. The whiskey was shipped to Louisville, and Camp discovered the mistake. He thereupon brought suit against the telegraph company for the difference. The company, in their answer, plead the printed terms and conditions which head their messages, to the effect that the company do not hold themselves responsible for mistakes in the transmission of messages unless the same are repeated, for which one-half the original price is charged. The Courts sustained this plea.

BANK NOTE REPORTERS.—A Committee of the Legislature of this State, appointed to look into the condition of certain bogus banks, say in their report:—

"Exhibits were made of letters, circulars, &c., from publishers of Reporters to the Banks, requiring immediate correspondence or a personal visit, to make *certain arrangements*, or the alternative would produce disagreeable consequences. A satisfactory line or call, and all would be sunshine; with neglect or denial come the instant thunders of their indignation. Aside from their imperfect description of counterfeits, many of which never existed, their contents are hurtful. Quotations that depends upon the amount paid, or deposited, without interest, are not only unworthy of public confidence, but should be entirely disregarded."

GOLD PRODUCTION FOR 1857.—The production of gold in Australia for the past year is set down by the best English authorities at one hundred millions of dollars. The production in other countries is estimated as follows:

California,	$65,000,000
Russia and Siberia,	20,000,000
Other parts of the world,	15,000,000
Total,	$100,000,000

We thus have two hundred millions as the gold crop of 1857, and the actual amount is likely to be rather more than the estimated aggregate. At this rate, two thousand millions of gold will be thrown into the monetary circulation of the world during the next ten years.

WHITE LEGALLY.—A merchant of Mobile recently wrote a letter of importance to a gentleman of Mississippi, and in due course of time he received a letter with his own signature cut out and pasted on the back of the envelope, in which the writer stated that he had received his communication, but didn't know who was the writer nor a word that was written in it, and that his only manner of finding the author was to cut out the signature and use it as the address, with the hope that the postmaster in Mobile might be able to do more by it than he had.

NEWS ITEMS.

ROSS ELMORE has been appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, vice Judge Cato, resigned. Judge Elmore was removed from the same position during the administration of President Pierce.

WHAT TO DO WHEN A BOAT UPSETS.—The mode practised by the natives of the Pacific Islands, when their canoes are upset at a distance from the shore, and with whom it is an object to save the boat, as well as their lives, is thus:—They sustain themselves by joining hands across the bottom of the boat, and use the other hand to paddle home, changing hands when fatigue prompts it. It is surprising how long persons can sustain themselves in this way.

EXECUTION OF A COLORED CHILD.—The slave Alfred, aged about 14 years, was hung on the 16th inst., at Mobile, Ala., for the murder of the son of Mr. Gomes, about two years ago. The victim was four years old, and his murderer *twelve*, at the time. Alfred has been twice respited by the Governor the last respite expiring on the day the wretched boy was hung. On ascending the scaffold, he was asked by the sheriff if he had anything to say, to which he replied, no, but said he hoped he would meet all in a better world.

A GREAT COUNTY.—It is stated that there is not a county in the United States that produces from her own soil more wealth than Washington county, Pennsylvania. In ordinary years she sells $250,000 worth of wool, $300,000 wheat and flour, $500,000 coal, and $350,000 sheep and hogs, making a total of $1,400,000.

FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN ENGLAND.—The London (England) Morning Herald of the 2nd inst. states, on the evening previous, the special excursion train from London for Ramsgate while running a sharp curve at the rate of forty miles an hour, was thrown from the track near Chilham station, whereby upwards of twenty persons were more or less injured, several it was supposed fatally. Several of the cars were literally torn to pieces, and the track for a considerable distance fairly ploughed up, and the rails twisted into fantastic shapes.

FREE OF DUTY.—Corn, rice, beans, peas, salt beef and salt pork, will be admitted free of duty into Venezuela, until the first of next September.

ENEMY OF THE TIMOTHY SEED.—A correspondent, writing from Ohio Farm, Ill., says:—Timothy seed, which has been quite a staple in this part of the country, is being destroyed by a worm that much resembles the army worm, but of a lighter color. They climb the stalk and eat the seed out of the chaff. In some fields that I have examined, one half the heads are already destroyed, and they are still at work. The same correspondent informs us that the spring wheat and oats in that vicinity are being considerably injured by the rust.

VERY LIBERAL.—Mr. E. C. Delevan, it is reported, has paid off the whole debt of the New York State Temperance Society, amounting to $9,165, out of his own pocket.

WHAT IS USURY?—A bill has been ordered to a third reading in the Minnesota House of Representatives, to prevent usury, but fixing the legal rate of interest at 15 per cent.

LOW PRICE.—Good wheat was sold recently near Bristol, Tennessee, at 37½ cents per bushel, cash, and, it is stated, could readily be bought at 40 cents, although the place is connected directly by railroad with Lynchburg and Richmond.

A LADY, not long since, commenced suit in the Common Pleas Court, at Ravenna, Ohio, for $5,000 damages for a breach of marriage contract. The defendant answered that he had agreed to marry, that he never refused, and was willing to comply with his contract. He got a license and a justice of the peace; he went to the girl's residence and tendered himself. The lady wanted time to think the matter over, and finally concluded to dismiss the case and pay all costs.

REVOLTING MURDER.—On the 16th instant, Oliver Howard, a tanner, residing in Maine Village, Broome County, N. Y., killed two of his children—boys, aged respectively 4 and 6 years—by cutting their throats with a razor. His wife, with two other children, was fortunately on a visit to her mother. The murderer was arrested and examined, but assigned no reason for the horrible act, except that "the Lord had commanded him to kill the boys." He was lodged in jail at Binghampton.

Mr. W. T. PORTER, editor of "Porter's Spirit," died recently in New York. He was fifty-six years of age, and was born in Vermont.

TUBULAR BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Gazette states that Canadian engineers have been making surveys, within a few days, for a tubular bridge across the Niagara river at that place. The surveys are made for the proposed Southern railroad through Canada.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Thursday last, Horace Cole, aged 68, while sitting in his chair, at his residence, in Middletown, Ct., reading a letter from his sister, announcing the death of three persons by lightning, made the remark—"In the midst of life we are in death," when his head fell back, and he was a corpse.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.—The mould on decayed fruit, stale bread, moist wood, &c., is shown by the microscope to be plants, bearing leaves, flowers and seeds, and increasing with incredible rapidity, for, in a few hours, the seeds spring up, arrive at maturity, and bring forth seeds themselves, so that many generations are perfected in a day.

THE London Morning Post says:—We understand, upon good authority, that the friends of Lady B. Lytton, who has recently been placed in a lunatic asylum, near London, are about to take steps to endeavor to establish her sanity by an appeal to the legal tribunals of the country.

THE London Globe says:—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the old Surum last week. He stated that if he failed in getting funds for his new tabernacle, it was probable that he would leave this country for America or Australia.

☞ AN UNCOURTLY DOCTOR.—King William, after his return from Holland in 1699, sent for Dr. Radcliffe, and showing him his swollen ankles said, "What think you of these?" "Why, truly," replied he, "I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

☞ Ridicule, which principally arises from pride, is at best but a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.—*Guizot.*

☞ A person complaining of the smallness of some chops brought to table, an incorrigible wag observed, "Probably the sheep was fed on *short commons.*"

☞ Advice to a man *not* noted for truth-telling:

"Lie on! and my revenge shall be.
To speak the very truth of thee."

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD LEARN.—After the death of his wife, Sir Charles Napier removed to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of a mother to his girls. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence; to teach them accounts, that they might learn the value of money; work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor; cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a revolution.—*Sir William Napier's Life of his Brother.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 307—Adults 88, and children 219.

A TALENT SWINDLER—ARREST AND INDICTMENT OF ACCOUNT OF HUMBUG AND BRASS.—A "ticket swindler," named Fowler, is up before the Mayor of New York, and the following account of the worthy is given in the Post:

Fowler was formerly a policeman under Mayor Wood. He says he used to be on duty at the North river docks, and saw there was an "opening." But he did not want to give up a certainty for an uncertainty, and he finally hired out for $25 a week, as an experiment, reporting himself sick at police head-quarters, and drawing his pay from the city at the same time he pocketed his other salary. The police surgeon was sent to attend him, who, after an examination, facetiously recommended brandy and sugar. Fowler was not able to keep up the "sick dodge" long, and becoming satisfied that selling tickets was more profitable than serving as policeman, resigned his place and opened a ticket office.

Fowler was recently brought before Mayor Tiemann on a charge of selling three California tickets to a man for $825, which cost $600. He said the present city government was the first honest one he had ever to fight. He added:—

"I used to pay more money, around this office, to keep on the right side of people, than any of you think."

He proceeded to "define his position" in substance as follows:—

"I don't deny but I am a ticket seller, and make a smart profit on my business; but I was formerly a politician, and know all about the ropes of that kind of thing; and I know that the ticket business is as honest, and, I guess, a little honester than politics in New York.

"The ticket business is just as honest as nine-tenths of the business in New York. To be sure, we fleece men sometimes, but who does not? There is a great deal of talk about 'bogus tickets,' but there are very few bogus tickets sold. We, that is the regular ticket operators, only sell good tickets at a large profit. Of course we can't be expected to sell them for what they cost us; that wouldn't pay. If we find a man who wants a ticket for Chicago, we sell him a genuine ticket; but of course we want to get more out of him than it costs us.

"We are not so bad a set of fellows as people suppose. We have our bad points, to be sure; but we have our good ones. We do not cheat a poor man; and we often give away tickets to men who have no money. If a man comes to me who finds himself in the city without funds, and wants to go on, d—n me if I don't help him. But I give you notice that I shall make it out of the next man that comes along, who is able to stand it, if I can. If I fleece the rich sometimes, I sometimes give to the poor as well."

"You operate upon the Robin Hood principle," suggested a bystander.

"We operate on th *robin' everybody* principle, I suppose," was the reply. "But we don't do it more than men in other kinds of business."

RUNAWAY SHAKERS.—On Tuesday night, there arrived in town, from the Shaker settlement at Niskayuna, a young, pretty, and modest demoiselle, with blooming red cheeks and a monster straw bonnet, reminding one of the artistic magazine representation of Cupid with a night-cap, or Venus wearing spectacles. Her skirts were innocent of hoops, and her waist unpanned with corset bands. The "improvements" of modern fashion had not reached her rural home, and she was as primitive and simple in her appearance as any consistent follower of Ann Lee should be. But her visits during the evening to various dry goods stores, in quest of mysterious skeletons, charming taffetas, showy stellas, rich guipures, dainty lace, rustling silks and soft velvets, induced a suspicion that there was "a cat in the meal" somewhere, and by a possibility, Ann the prophetess was to lose a fair disciple. Yet the little Shakeress wisely kept her own counsel, and said not.

Yesterday, however, a ruddy, fair-visaged young man, in home-spun blue, made his appearance in town, and forthwith instituted a vigorous siege upon sundry merchant tailor shops, hat stores and the like—appearing, in course of time, a new man. We have no disposition to follow the matter further. The finale of a subject so mysterious in its inception was last evening intrusted to a popular clergyman, who soon finished it up in a manner quite prevalent in the outer world, but hardly recognized among the "verily, verily" order of the faithful. We hope the two whose fates have thus been united may never have occasion to repent their abandonment of the "peaceful community," although the sudden transmogrification of a sombre, quiet Shaker miss into a full-hooped, fashionably-attired belle is a very dangerous experiment in this hot weather.—*Troy Daily Times.*

A SINGULAR STORY.—The Montrose (Scotland) Review has the following:—In the year 1814, a native of Montrose took passage on board a steamer at Liverpool, to proceed to Scotland. Soon after the steamer left the Dock Gates, a young lady accidentally fell overboard, and was rescued by our Scotch friend, who, jumping overboard with a life preserver, brought her safely on board the steamer. During the passage she was asked what recompense she intended making her preserver, when she modestly replied that all she could do was to bestow upon him her hand; but much to her grief, she was informed that he was a married man. After a lapse of about fourteen years, ten of which she had been living with her brother at New York, Miss ——— felt inclined to return to Scotland; and, on her arrival, immediately set to work to find out her kind benefactor, which she succeeded in doing; and, finding him to be a widower, at once offered him her hand and heart; and we understand the wedding is to take place in May.

ONLY ONE FIRE.—A duel occurred in Illinois, opposite St. Louis, Mo., a short time since, between John C. Moore and L. Bouvier, of that city, in consequence of an insult given by the latter to the former. A peremptory challenge was immediately sent and accepted. The parties fought with duelling pistols at twelve paces. All the arrangements were in writing, and when the combatants were in position they were read. A fire was then had without effect, whereupon the second of Bouvier, a person named Menard, refused to permit another fire, on the ground that it was not provided for in the articles. He thought the demand for satisfaction complied with, and said that his conscience would not let him go any further. The other parties demanded another fire or an apology, but both were refused, and Mr. Bouvier and friend left the spot, leaving the antagonist party on the ground.

CALIFORNIA LETTER WRITING.—A returned Californian recently told us an amusing story of letter writing. He said many of the miners are illiterate, and to write a letter is quite a formidable task. On one occasion a young man in crossing a mountain had become lost and perished in the snow. The cayota, an animal of that vicinity, attacked the body, and when found the head had entirely been eaten off. A friend of the young man, who knew his family, was told by the other miners that it was his duty to write to the father of the deceased an account of his death. After some objections, for want of practice in such undertakings he concluded to devote the next afternoon to it. At night he produced his letter, saying he had done the best he could, and thought it told the story. His letter was as follows:

"Dear Major—The kiotas have eat your son's head off. Yours, HENRY BOSWELL."

A FEMALE PREACHER.—At the recent annual session of the Ontario (N. Y.) Association of Universalists, Mrs. Lydia A. Jenkins received a letter of fellowship, as a preacher of the Gospel. Her husband is also a preacher.

LOVE, FLIRTATION, JEALOUSY AND SUICIDE.—A young man named Albert G. Eldridge, a resident of Toledo, committed suicide by jumping overboard from the screw steamer Northern Light, on her last trip down. The circumstances of the case are peculiar, and show to what an extent the feelings may be wrought upon by that all-powerful sentiment, love. Mr. Eldridge was in company with a party of pleasure who had made the tour of Lake Superior. Among these was a young lady from Cleveland, named Miss H———, daughter of a heavy forwarding merchant in that city. To this young lady, who was everything attractive and interesting, the unfortunate young man was devotedly attached. How long the attachment had existed, or to what extent it was reciprocated, we are not able to say, but his attentions were very assiduous during the early portion of the trip. He lived in the pure light of an undivided love, and was most happy in being near its object—at least so his undisguised and open actions indicated. All went on happily until the return of the boat, when she received, as a passenger, a young man, who became acquainted with Miss H———, and thenceforth devoted himself to her. She seems to have entered into the flirtation with a keen zest—so keen, in fact, that her lover was driven into a most unmistakable fit of the blues. He spent his time in walking the upper deck, with his hands in his pockets, sitting with his feet hanging over the side, and leaning over the stern, gazing into the dark, troubled waters, that rivalled the commotion which that worst of all disappointments—a lover derided—had stirred up in his own bosom. At Mackinac, the party went ashore to inspect the island, and wanted him to accompany them. He moodily refused, saying that he was not wanted. His conduct attracted the attention of everybody on board, which made his poor case worse, for nobody has sympathy with the trouble of a lover, except those who are bound in the same ties. Shortly after entering upon Lake Huron he was accosted by his mistress as he sat by himself on the side of the boat. She placed her hand upon his shoulder and spoke to him in an inquiring tone. He replied that he had no desire to mingle in the diversions of his companions, but would rather die at once. She replied kindly, desiring him not to speak so, and requested him to come into the cabin. Instead of complying, he gave her one look, and, without one word plunged overboard. A scream from the lady brought the remainder of the company to the side. He was seen to struggle for a few moments and then to sink never to rise. With the image of his beloved before his eyes he sprang into the cold embrace of death without an instant's thought or preparation.

He was a young man of good standing in Toledo, and has been engaged in business there for some years. The lady is of one of the best families in Cleveland, and the event excited no little feeling. Every effort was made to keep the affair still, the officers of the boat reporting that he fell overboard accidentally, but we have the above facts from passengers who came down on the boat, who were cognizant of the circumstances from beginning to end.—*Detroit Free Press, July 20.*

INTERESTING STATISTICS.—Among other interesting facts of De Bow's statistical view of the United States, we may mention that the foreign vote of the country is one-twelfth of the whole: that the State of New York has about one-eighth of the population of the Union: that there is one house to every six persons in the country: that the number of persons who live east of the Mississippi is twelve times greater than those who live west thereof; the distance between New York and New Orleans is more than that between London and Constantinople, or Paris and St. Petersburg; over two-fifths of the national territory is drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries; of the 1,597 political newspapers published in the United States in 1850, 855 were Whig and 742 were Democratic. There are four hundred thousand Indians in our territory; at the close of the Revolution, there were but thirty-six thousand in the old thirteen States, according to an estimate of Gen. Knox; direct and indirect tax paid by each white person in the country, $4,24; number of real estate owners 1,500,000, or one in about 3-19 of the free males over twenty-one years of age; number of Federal office-holders (exclusive of army and navy) 35,456, a nine-fold increase since 1800; the population having increased about five-fold; one-fourth part of the people reside in villages, towns and cities; the number of people to a dwelling in New York city averages more than 13, in Boston nearly 9, in New Orleans 3½, in Richmond about 5.

AN INDIAN LOVER.—Miss Bishop, who went to Minnesota as a teacher, received an offer of marriage from an Indian. He came to her dwelling decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly secured brass ornaments, and bear's claws—and, through an interpreter, announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged to him that he had one wife. He replied: "All the band have as many as they can keep, and I have but one." As an extra inducement, he promised that she could have the best corner of the lodge, hunt by his side, and eat with him, while the dark squaw was to hush the papoose, cook the food, carry the game, hoe the corn, and provide wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little in fear of the "green-eyed monster," even if the other claimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction. The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a shirt, and left with a haughty air. The next day he was drunk. But Miss Bishop's associate almost fared worse. She had only been a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs. A young warrior, smitten with her, called often. Hoping to be rid of him, she gave him a ring. He interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge. The next day he again returned, with six young braves, to compel her to go with him. Explanations and interference saved her.

A CORRESPONDENT at Old Point, in a letter to the Petersburg Intelligencer, wittily remarks upon the bathing at Old Point: "The bathing here is peculiar. A stockade is built out into the water, into which you enter and enjoy yourself as you can, considering the warmth and shallowness of the water. Hard by, another stockade is erected for the ladies. This is the misery of the thing. A few paces off, you hear the most delightful shrieks and screams, and the most musical laughter. You know that fun is going on. But where you are, there is naught save a melancholy 'sloshing aroundt' of billows and hideous males. The contrast between the two stockades—the fun, the frolic, and the females in the one, and the dull, masculine splashing in the other—is horrid, horrid."

NEW USE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Speaking of the photographic copy of the Declaration of Independence taken upon a surface no larger than a pin's head, which may now be seen in Salem, and can be read with a powerful microscope, the Salem Gazette says:

"When such success in reducing the size of documents and likenesses has been attained by the photographic art, it is easy to imagine what might be accomplished in time of war, by the use of the microscope. The most important official document could be contained in an ordinary vest button, and worn with impunity by a spy in an enemy's camp, or by a traitor eager to injure an active army of his own country."

CLERICAL CASE.—It is reported that the Rev. Henry A. Wise, son of the Governor of Virginia, and lately ordained to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will receive a call to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of Trinity Church, in Washington City, D. C.

☞ To prevent a kitchen door from creaking, get a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her.

☞ USE EITHER WAGES.—"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful state. I can neither *lay* nor *set*: what shall I do?" "Why, then," replied the doctor, very gravely, "I think you had better—*rose*."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The continued light receipts of Flour, together with the moderate stock on hand and increased demand both for export and home consumption, has caused a firmer feeling in the market. The sales foot up 4000 bbls at $4,25 ₩ bbl for sound old stock; $4,37½@4,62½ for recently and fresh ground from new Wheat; and $4,50@4,65 for old stock extra, including some Pittsburg extra family at the latter quotation; 500 bbls fresh ground extra at $5; 500 bbls city manufactured fresh ground extra family at $5,40, and 100 bbls St. Louis fancy at $6,50 ₩ bbl. A sale of half bbls at $5 ₩ pair. The sales to retailers and bakers have been within the range of these figures. Rye Flour has been exceedingly quiet, with limited sales at $3,31½. Corn Meal is scarce and has advanced 12½. Sales of 500 bbls at $3,50 for Penna, and $4 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—The receipts of all descriptions this week have been light, and they will be likely to continue small until the harvest is over. The Wheat crop in the central and northern portions of Indiana and Illinois and in the southern part of Ohio, have been seriously injured by the blight, but in other sections, with one or two exceptions, there is every prospect of the most prolific yield. The demand has been good and prices have advanced 3@4c ₩ bushel. The sales reach 10,000 bushels at 75c up to $1.05 for inferior and prime old Penny vania and Southern Red; $1 05@1.10 for good and prime Red; $1,10@1,25 for old White, and $1.15@1,22 for new do. Rye comes in slowly, and it is in demand at 78c for old and 68@65c for new. Corn is in good demand and has advanced 3@4c ₩ bushel. Sales of 35,000 bushels Yellow at 88@98c afloat, closing at the latter rate, including some White at 82@85c. Oats have been in good request. Sales of 10,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania, mostly at 42c, and 1500 bushels new crop at 40c. The Oat crop in a part on of the West will be a failure.

PROVISIONS—There has been a better feeling in the market, and some improvement in prices. Sales of 400 bbls Western Mess Pork at $17,25@17,75, on time, now held at $18, and 100 bbls Clear at $19. City packed Mess Beef is sold only in a small way, for ship's stores. Dried Beef is scarce. Bacon meets a better inquiry this week; sales 600 casks Hams at 9@10c for plain, and 10@13c for fancy canvassed, according to quality. Sides are scarce at 8½c, and Shoulders at 5½@6½. In Bulk Meats there has been more doing, and prices are better. Sales of 200 casks Hams, in salt, at 8@8½c, and some in pickle on private terms. Sides are scarce, and Shoulders are worth 5½c. Lard—The stock of this article is very much reduced, and the supply being hardly adequate to the demand, prices have been fully maintained. Sales of 400 bbls at 11½@12c, and kegs at 12½@13c ₩ lb cash. Butter is dull, and sells at 10@12c ₩ lb for roll packed. Cheese—The market is dull, as usual at this season of the year.

COTTON—The market is quiet, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 700 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 13½@13½c for middling, and middling Fair qualities.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have been extremely light, and the stock in first hands is now about exhausted. It has been in good request, and sales of 130 hhds No 1 were made at $32 ₩ ton. Tanner's Bark is unchanged. A cargo of good Spanish Oak sold at 13 ₩ ton, and a lot of White Oak at $6@7.

BEESWAX is in limited request at 30@31c ₩ lb, cash, for good yellow. 2000 lbs sold at the latter figure.

COAL—Vessels are rather more plenty, but orders come in slowly, and the market is very inactive, the sales being pretty much confined to the wants of the home trade, within the range of quotations.

FEATHERS come in slowly, and sell in lots at 44@45c ₩ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit of all kinds has been dull, and the sales unimportant.

HEMP—The stock is light, but there is very little doing.

HIDES—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. A sale of 6000 Pernambuco at 15½c ₩ lb, on time.

HOPS—The demand has been quite limited, and the sales have been only in a small way at 7@9c for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The Iron market continues exceedingly dull, and in some instances, to effect sales, holders have submitted to a further concession of $1 ₩ ton. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $21; No 2 at $18,50@19, and No 3 at $18@19 ₩ ton, cash. 400 tons White Iron sold at $19, 6 mos. About 3000 tons Rails sold on private terms. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in value. Blooms are scarce, but there is little or no demand for them. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron have undergone no change.

LEAD is but little inquired after, and prices are barely maintained. 450 pigs Virginia sold at 5½c ₩ lb, cash.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for the better qualities of Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, but inferior descriptions are not wanted.

LUMBER—Continues dull. The only sales reported are some Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $12@13 ₩ M feet, and some White Pine Shipping Boards at $14 ₩ M. Laths are dull at $1,25 ₩ M.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is wanted. Sales of 300 bus prime at $5 ₩ 64 lbs. There is little or none coming forward. In Timothy nothing doing. Flaxseed is wanted, and if here would command $1,60@1,62½ ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Continues dull at 9½c for City Rendered, and 8½@9c ₩ lb, cash, for Country.

WOOL—The receipts are increasing. There has been rather more demand, but prices are without change.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 24—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; sales of 6,500 bbls at $4,10@4,20 for State. Wheat firm but quiet; a supply is wanted. Corn is firm, owing to the small stock on hand. Pork firm at $17,12½@17,25 for mess. Lard is buoyant and held at 11½@11¾. Whiskey firm at 24c.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Upl'ds.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	11	11	12	11
Middling	12½	12½	12½	12½
Mid'ling fair	13½	13½	13½	13½

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Loc. Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	20 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$4
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	Veal. Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind "	10
Leg, each	31@37½	Chop	12½
Shin	20 a25	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver, ₩ lb	5 a 9	Pork.	
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	1,75
Lamb.		Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Fore quarter	75 a87	Feet, ₩ set	12½a25
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 a 5
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Lard	10 a15
Calves head, each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	15 a18
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2 a 5	New pot'o's (N J), ₩ bus	$1
Rhubarb, bunch	6 a 8	Cabbages, ₩ head	4 a10
Onion tops "	1	Carrots, dozen	10
Radishes, ₩ hundred bunches	1,50a2,00	Do do, ₩ lb	6 a 8
Bermuda potatoes, ₩ basket	1,25	Corn pot'o's, ₩ bus	1,00a1,37½
		Onions, bus	50
		Peas, ₩ basket	$1,00a1,25

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	1,00a1,25	Huckleberries ₩ qt	10
Do ₩ pk	25 a31	Blackberries	12
Currants ₩ quart	12	Raspberries ₩ qt	20

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	30 a37	Chickens, ₩ lb	20 a12½
Chickens, ₩ pair	75 a1,25	Sab Pig'as, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecons) ₩ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₩ bbl, 10,00	15,00
Do, ₩ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Choice) Doz	8,00 a9,00
Morris River Coves, ₩ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	6 a10
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	22 a28	Salt do, lb	11
Eggs, doz	16 a18	Mackerel	10
Codfish	5 a 5	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	4 a 6	Honey, lb	20 a25
Halibut, lb	10	Sausages, cake	2
Blue Fish, lb	12	Salmon lb	25 a37
		Sheep head	15

From the Wheeling Times and Gazette.

THOUGH IT MAY SEEM strange to many who have not seen it, yet there is no doubt of the fact, that *Prof.* Wood's Hair Restorative will change gray hair to its original color, and cause it to grow on heads entirely bald, and by a few applications keep it from falling off. There was a time when persons who had lost their hair were compelled to wear wigs or go bald, but since the advent of Prof. Wood's Tonic, there is no longer any necessity of wigs or gray hairs.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?
If you do, use *Hoofland's German Bitters*, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States, Canadas, West Indies or South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

EVERY FAMILY should be supplied with PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. Its magic effect in removing pain from all parts of the body, has given it a world wide reputation. No family having once used this medicine would willingly be without it. It is what its name purports, a Pain Killer. Sold by all dealers in genuine family medicines.

TO DYSPEPTICS.—Soda, Magnesia, and all Alkalies, either afford but temporary relief, or confirm the disease into a chronic affection. The Oxygenated Bitters immediately relieve and permanently cure all forms of Dyspepsia, and stomach difficulties.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d instant, by the Rev. Father Blinkinsop, JOHN MCQUARRIE, to MARY JOSEPHINE MAGUIRE, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. David Magill, Miss MARTHA J. WESLEY, of Philadelphia, to Mr. ROBERT S. DOWER, of New York.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. ANDREW HARRISON, to Miss ELLA MATHERAY, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. AUGUST SIEGEL, to Miss ELIZABETH MULGREW, both of Manayunk.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. JOHN K. FANONS, to Miss LOUISA MCMULLIN, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. JAMES W. PRATT, to Miss JANE FITZPATRICK, both of New York city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM RICHARDS, to Miss MARY L. ARMSTRONG both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM H. G HICKMAN, formerly of Delaware, to Miss JANE H. JONES, formerly of Washington City.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. MARY MCCOY, aged 48 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SMITH, aged 82 years.

On the 19th instant, DOROTHY, wife of Thos. Walker, aged 69 years.

On the 15th instant, CATHARINE DUNCH, aged 85.

On the 20th instant, Mrs. MARIA B. KNORR, of Frankford, aged 61 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. JANE MILLS, daughter of the late Richard Mills, of Cecil county, Md.

On the 18th instant, ROSALIE, wife of Jacob Huebner, aged 42 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELEANOR, wife of Ezra Sands, Sr. aged 74 years.

On the 19th instant, RACHEL LAVERY.

On the 17th instant, BENJAMIN W. DUNHAM, aged 21 years.

On the 18th instant, JOHN A. FURCELL, aged 77.

On the 18th instant, RICHARD DUFFY, aged 23.

On the 17th instant, Mr. JOSHUA BOWEN, aged 69 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. GEORGE LINDSAY, aged 40 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 per ct		
" " '62		—
" " '67		—
" " '68		—
" 5 " '85		—
Phila 6 per ct	97½	97½
" new	102	102½
" 5 "	—	98
Cam City 6 per ct	—	—
Pitts 6 per ct	—	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
Allegh City 6 per ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
" R R 6's	89	—
Penn 6 "	—	—
" 5 "	89	90
" 5 coupon	93	93½
Tenn 6 per ct	92	92½
Kentucky 6 per ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	84	—
Penn R R 6 per ct	99	99½
2d mort loan '58	—	97
C & Am R R 6 per ct	79	80
P G & N R R "	95	—
Reading R R "	75½	76
" mort "	87½	91
" " '56	96½	97
Lehigh Valley 6's	88	91½
Ches Val R R 6's	28	33
Texas R R " 6's	90	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
60 R R 6 per ct	97½	—
Long I R R "	—	80
Sch Nav '82 "	58½	—
Lehigh Nav "	98	97
Mort "	98	100
C & D Can "	78	86
Sus & Tid '72 "	80	90½
Union Canal "	80	87
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st mort 7 per ct	66	85
2d " 6 "	40	42
Catawissa "	26	28
North Pa 6 per ct	87½	90
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	93½	99
Pennsylvania	41	41½
Beaver Meadow	52½	53½
North Penna	8½	9
Phil Ger & Nor	52½	52½
Reading	22½	23
Minehill	52½	53
Har & Lan	56	56
Ches Val	3	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	51½	52
Long Island	11½	12
Wilmport & Elm	10	10½
Catawissa	6	6
CANAL STOCKS		
Sch Nav	8½	9
" preferred	15	16
Lehigh Nav	48	48½
Morris Canal'd	45	—
" preferred	101½	102
C & Del	40	45
Union	5	—
Sus & Tidewater	6	7
BANK STOCKS.		
North America	129	—
Philadelphia	100	110
Far & Mec	56½	57
Commercial	46	48
N Liberty	56	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	70	—
N Township	34½	35
Kensington	—	64
Girard	11½	11½
Western	50	—
Man & Mech	25½	26½
Commerce	62	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	60	62
Consolidation	23	23½
Commonwealth	30	30½
Corn Exchange	20	—
Pittsburg	56	56
M & M Pitts	53	54
Exchange Pitts	35	—
Kentucky	110	—
Northern Liberties	—	100
Louisville, Ky	—	100
Farmers, Ky	112	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	8	100
Planters, Tenn	95	—
Com & R Vick	7	7½
N O Gas Light	120	—

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Solv bks 1 dis
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Solv bks ¼ dis
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LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis
OHIO.
Solv bks 1 dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 dis
INDIANA.
State bank 1 dis
ILLINOIS.
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Solv bks 1 dis
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Wit and Humor.

CHICAGO VERSUS BUFFALO.

The presses of Chicago and Buffalo tell some rather hard stories against the hotels of the two cities. So far we think Buffalo rather ahead. Witness the following:—

Scene at a Buffalo Hotel.—The Chicago Union has the following:

Guest.—Please, will you let me have a small piece more of the steak? Only a little bit!

Waiter.—Why I gave you a bit just now: what have you done with that?

Guest.—I ate it. It was very small and very tough. (Waiter leaves guest and goes to the carver.)

Waiter.—That man (points) wants a bit more steak; and he's finding fault too.

Carver.—Mark that man, boys. He wants more; do you hear that? (to waiters;) spot him. Tell that gent, waiter, that we can't afford to feed him like an elephant, at the present rates. We shall raise him a dollar a day, if he asks for "more."

N. B.—We since learn that the guest has been taken by the police, as a "shadow."

Scene at a Chicago Hotel.—The Buffalo Republic has the following:

Scene 1.—Arrival in the morning, of a party of gentlemen from the East, twelve in number.

1st Gentleman.—(To clerk in the office.)—What is this confounded smell here?

Clerk.—Ca-a-a-n't say: natural smell of the house, sir: good healthy smell, sir.

Gentleman.—Probably; I want twelve seats secured for myself and friends.

Clerk.—All right, sir. Have 'em s'cured right away.

Scene 2.—Dinner. Gentleman finds his seat, with eleven other chairs, reserved for him—waits about twenty minutes for his friends to come. Finally asks waiter what's the matter.

Servant.—Guess dey've got de distemper.

Guest.—Distemper! what distemper?

Servant.—Oh! you see de house smells, and people can't stand de smell at fust, and gits sick. Dats what dey calls distemper.

Guest.—Will you go up to my friends' rooms, and tell them I am waiting? (Exit darkey.)

A period of half an hour is supposed to elapse. Guest growing indignant and impatient. Enter "cullud pusson."

Guest.—(Impatiently,) Well, sir!

Servant.—Well, de fact is, massa—

Guest.—Well, sir, where's Simpkins?

Servant.—Simpkins? well, de fact is, de nuss is jest a layin' of him out. Died of de distemper, sart good many dies of dat.

Guest.—(With hair on end.) Dead! distemper! and where's Taylor?

Servant.—He got de distemper too.

Guest.—And Jenkins and Smith?

Servant.—Oh! de doctors been a holdin' a consolation over dem half an hour.

Guest.—Good heaven! And Jones, and Barker and Williams?

Servant.—Oh, dem's been in de collapsed stage dese two hours. Dey'll be in de coffins afore you get frough yer dinner.

Guest.—Great gods! And my wife?

Servant.—Oh, sar! dat's what I want to tell you. She's been buried eber sence ten o'clock, sar. Sent fur you several times: guess you was smokin', an' we didn't want to 'sturb you. She was dead afore she got to her room: she was dead immejitly after breakfus. Hab to bury 'em fast here, massa: bodies spile quick in Chicago. Yah, yah!

(Exit guest, with his hands on his abdomen, and a howl of pain.)

That Stray Goose.—Seeing a recent notice of a wild goose, reminds us of an incident in the life of the Rev. Jesse Lee, which we read many years ago. Mr. Lee was a Methodist travelling preacher, and often in his journeys called at a house where the man was pious but his wife was not. Mr. Lee and other ministers often conversed with her on the subject of religion, but without any apparent effect. This family had a single goose, for which they were desirous of obtaining a mate. The old lady said considerable on the subject; but her husband replied:

"Never mind, wife, God will send us a gander."

When Mr. Lee called there again, he found that while a flock of wild geese was flying over, a noble gander had separated itself, and had remained with the single goose that needed a mate. This fact had made such an impression on the mind of the lady who owned it, that she became serious and hopefully pious. Mr. Lee, on hearing this, exclaimed—

"That's a good one; here is a woman who resisted all the learned preachers, now converted by a stray goose."

Well Reasoned.—Driving out one day last fall to see a relation of my wife, we took with us the little daughter of a particular friend, a child of some six years old. While my wife went into the house (the family being sick) I remained out in the garden with "Fan," and strolling into the summer-house, we sat down. I was whittling a stick and she was sitting alongside of me, very attentively watching the process. After a few minutes' silence, looking up in my face, in her inquisitive way, she asked: "Charlie, what are you cutting that stick for?"

"Oh, just for fun," was my reply, more to answer the child than anything else.

She said nothing for several seconds, but appeared to be intently thinking: evidently revolving some momentous question in her little brain. Finally, with a longing for information on every expressive feature:

"Well, if you are cutting just for fun, Charlie, why don't *you* laugh?"

Imagine the same question addressed to yourself! I fancy you would have done as I did—laughed a little.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with great enjoyment.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

AN ANIMATED REHEARSAL.

George Colman, in his "Random Records," relates an amusing anecdote of Dodd:—Dodd, it seems, lived at one time, when he was fulfilling an engagement at the theatre upon Richmond Green, in lodgings, with a companion of his solitude, who assumed the privileges, without the rights of a wife. Like all persons who, from great intimacy, think they have a right to differ and find fault with each other occasionally, they sometimes, when conversing *ad libitum*, started mooted points, which led to high words, followed "by missiles, rather than metaphors"—it was the *argumentum ad hominem*, instead of the *argumentum ad manum*: "the head and front of the offending had this extent, no more." It was not exactly a word and a blow; but the scene was rendered very animated and effective at times, by the chairs and crockery, or whatever else was at hand, convenient to handle, flying about the room in admired disorder.

In one of these domestic *fracas*, which happened at dinner, while the lady was screaming, and Dodd was rattling the things about, the landlord, hearing the row, rushed into the room, to prevent, if possible, the farther destruction of property, and restore harmony.

"How dare you, sir," exclaimed Dodd, very coolly, who was, at that very moment, in the act of brandishing in the air, like a trophy of victory after a hard-fought battle, some *leg of boiled mutton*, which he had taken from a dish on the table: "How dare you, sir, intrude into our apartment whilst *we are rehearsing?* Don't you know one of the standing rules of our profession is: *No admittance behind the scenes?*"

"Rehearsing!" cried the landlord, whilst, at every step he took, the bits of china were crushing under his feet: "I could have sworn *you were fighting.*"

"No, sir," said Dodd; "we were only rehearsing the Supper Scene of *Catherine and Petruchio*, in the immortal Bard's very popular and much admired comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew.*"

Dodd then directed him to read *the bill* of the play advertised for the night, which the landlord did, at the same time presenting *his own*, with a heavy charge for broken earthenware, and headed:

"Mr. Dodd, to John Wilson, *Dr.*, for sundry articles of china, &c., broken at *the rehearsal of The Taming of the Shrew.*"—*Spirit of the Times.*

To Raise a Crop of Chickens.—"Uncle Dad Morton," of Vermont, tells the following story:—

"Them ancestors of our'n didn't do nothin' halfways. But there's an awful fallin' off since them times. Why, in my time, when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We all work'd. My work was to take care of the hens and chickings, and I'll tell yer how I raised 'em. You know Ise a very thinkin' child, al'as a thinkin', 'cept when I'se asleep. Well, it came to me one night to raise a big lot of chickings from one hen, and I'll tell ye how I did it. I took an old whiskey barrel and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure around it, and then set the old hen on the bung-hole. The old critter kept her sittin', and in three weeks I heerd a little 'peep.' Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I didn't say anything to the folks about the hatching, for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next mornin' I knocked in the head of the barrel, and covered the barn floor, two deep, all over with chickings."

A Definition in Political Economy.—"Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?" The question was put to a husband who had been lucky enough to be tied to a political economist in petticoats. "Oh, yes, my dear, I think I begin to see it." "Indeed!" responded the lady. "Yes," replied the husband. "For instance, my dear, I know your deep learning, and all your other virtues. That's your *real* value. But I know, also, that none of my married friends would swop wives with me. That's your *exchangeable* value."

Florence Nightingale.—But by-and-by the drawing-room doors are thrown open, and the ambassadress enters, smiling a kind and gracious welcome. Behind her are her daughters; by her side, a tall, fashionable, haughty beauty. I could not help thinking how beautiful she looked; but the next instant my eyes wandered from her cold unamiable face to a lady modestly standing on the other side of Lady Stratford. At first I thought she was a nun, from her black dress and close cap. She was not introduced, and yet Edmund and I looked at each other at the same moment to whisper, "It is Miss Nightingale!" Yes, it was Florence Nightingale, greatest of all now in name and honor among women. I assure you that I was glad not to be obliged to speak just then, for I felt quite dumb as I looked at her wasted figure and the short brown hair combed over her forehead like a child's, cut so when her life was despaired of from fever but a short time ago. Her dress, as I have said, was black, made high to the throat, its only ornament being a large enamelled brooch which looked to me like the colors of a regiment surrounded with a wreath of laurels, no doubt some grateful offering from our men. To hide the close white cap a little, she had tied a white crape handkerchief over the back of it, only allowing the border of lace to be seen: and this gave the nun-like appearance which first struck me on her entering the room, otherwise Miss Nightingale is no way striking in appearance. Only her plain black dress, quiet manner and great renown, told so powerfully altogether in that assembly of brilliant dress and uniforms. She is very slight, rather above the middle height; her face is long and thin, but this may be from recent illness and great fatigue. She has a very prominent nose, slightly Roman; and small dark eyes, kind, yet penetrating: but her face does not give you at all the idea of great talent.—*Mrs. Hornby's Court of the Sultan.*

☞ It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of woman's heart have not the same salutary instinct.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BEAUTIES.

"I say, mister, here's me and my mate wants our fotergruffs took; and mind, we wants 'em 'ansom, cos they're to give to two ladies."

Books.—In books lies a worth far surpassing that of cities, or titled fields, or any other visible and tangible products of the past. Wondrous, indeed, is the virtue of a true book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field; like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have books that already number some hundred and fifty ages) and yearly comes its new produce of leaves, every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. Oh, thou who art able to write a book, which once in the ten centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name city builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city burner. Thou art a conqueror and a victor; but of the true sort, namely, over the devil; thou, too, hast built what will outlast all metal and marble, and be a wonder-bringing city of the mind, a temple and seminary, and prophetic mount, whereto all kindreds of the earth will pilgrim. Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervor, to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell the idle and inert, looking over the desert, foolishly enough, for the last 3,000 years; but canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, then, or even Luther's version thereof?—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

Cold Water to Cure Scalds.—I placed a large tub full of cold water, with plenty of ice in it, by the side of a large kettle full of water, which was boiling very fast. I then rolled up my sleeve above the elbow, and thrust it into the kettle of boiling water up to the elbow, then immediately back into the tub of ice water, letting it remain a few seconds, then into boiling water again, repeating this process ten times in a minute, without injury or inconvenience, not even making my arm look red. From this experiment I suggested the propriety of using cold water baths instantly after being scalded. I have practiced the above remedy with entire success during the last ten years. Cold water is always handy where there is hot water. The sooner cold water is applied after scalding, the surer will be the cure.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Agricultural.

ITCH OR SCAB IN SHEEP.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor—There are few diseases, perhaps, more generally or more deservedly dreaded than the "scab." In many sections of the country, where sheep husbandry is pursued on an extensive scale, the losses resulting from its prevalence in years past, have been immense.

It is indubitably a contagious disease, and while it is easily propagated by simple contact, is often communicated to animals that have never been brought into collision with those diseased.

Like many of the virulent and loathsome diseases which have of late years astonished mankind by their unheralded appearance, and perplexed medical men by their inveteracy, it may well be called "a pestilence which walketh in darkness." We are not, perhaps, warranted in considering it strictly epidemic, though it sometimes seems to be conveyed through the atmosphere, and particularly in those seasons when there is a superabundance of wet, and which are generally unfavorable to sheep in various other ways. The treatment of this disease is very simple. It is discovered by the animal's rubbing or scratching itself, and making a peculiar motion with the lips. The scabs are sometimes dry and sometimes moist, spreading very rapidly, though the animal keeps healthy in other respects, and generally more healthy than before.

Afterwards the disorder becomes internal, and the sheep becomes emaciated, and dies from weakness and pain. If the scab is observed at an early period, it may be prevented from spreading any farther. One of the best remedies is a strong decoction of tobacco, mixed with lime-water and oil of vitriol in equal parts, and used as a daily wash for some time; it will almost always effect a certain cure. Another excellent remedy is a decoction of hellebore mixed with vinegar, sulphur, and spirits of turpentine—equal parts. Internal remedies are of no use except when the disorder has induced other complaints, by weakening the health of the sheep.

Sheep, no doubt, are greatly injured oftentimes by confinement to low, wet pastures, early in the spring, and by being compelled to eat low, aquatic grasses, and lie exposed all night to the chilling winds, on the cold, damp ground.

It is generally well known that the most favorable regions for sheep raising and those in which it has been most successfully pursued, are those of a hilly, mountainous description, where little or no aquatic vegetation is produced.

Place sheep on high land, then they thrive and do well. If there is anything to be had worth eating, I'll warrant you the sheep will find it. I have often walked over fields where there scarcely seemed to be any vegetation of any sort; the grass seemed to be all parched to death, what little there was; but there would be a fine flock of sheep, all chewing their cuds, appearing to be well satisfied with what they had to eat. Whereas, turn a cow in such a field, in a week's time it would not be much trouble to milk her; or turn a horse in the field, and in a week's time he would be as poor as a crow.

There is no other stock pays the farmer better than sheep, providing they are well housed, well fed, and have plenty of good, high land to roam over. A Jersey Farmer.

EARTH-MULCH FOR MEADOWS.

"An astonishing effect," says Thaer, "is often produced from earth being carried to the meadow and spread over it," and the same fact has, no doubt, been frequently observed. The remark reminded us at first glance, of Mr. Dickinson's practice of mulching his meadows with burned turf from the roadside, as well as with barn manures, and of his opinion of its highly beneficial effect upon the growth of grass, especially the former application.

The effect of this earth-mulch is most sensible when its character is appropriate to the soil; so Thaer advises sand for marshy meadows, clay and muck for sandy and loamy ones, but says that any kind of fertile soil will be found beneficial. The scrapings of yards and roads, the bottoms of ponds and ditches, burned clayey or loamy turf—all have a very sensible effect in improving meadows, "*because it gives to the herbage a disposition to put forth new roots and shoots, especially in the weaker tufts of grass, and thus strengthens and multiplies the plants.*"

Pohl, in his *Annals of Agriculture*, published in Germany some fifty years ago, terms this mode of spreading fresh earth over the surface of meadows, "a renewing or making young again of meadow land." That such would be its effect we can very readily conceive, for it is well known that earthing any plant causes new roots to spring forth, and this is followed by new shoots, and should the earth applied be of a fertilizing nature, a considerable improvement would follow.

A manure-mulch would, no doubt, exert a greater effect, if care was taken that it did not smother and kill the grass. It should be fine or coarse—fine, well decomposed, and not in clods, that it would sink at once to the roots of the grass; or coarse and strawy, or spongy, that the grass might readily find its way through it. We commend the subject to the attention of correspondents especially interested in grass culture.—*Country Gentleman.*

Scare Crows.—An image hid in the limbs of a tree or placed in a skulking attitude in some obscure place—behind a stump or fence for instance—I have found to be the very best. Have you not sometimes wondered at the boldness of the birds when you have been about your work unarmed? And when you have tried to shy up to one with a gun did you ever succeed? Take the hint, then, and instead of erecting a coat and breeches in the open part of the field where the cheat is quickly detected, *hide the image*, so that you can hardly tell what it is yourself. The keen vision of his crowship will detect it, but will not enable it to determine whether the suspicious thing is genuine or bogus; and until it *settles* that question, will keep aloof. Two or three images thus placed have this year kept the birds *entirely* away from a lot adjoining a grove wherein hitherto they have been wont to congregate to "build their nests and hatch their young."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Tea.—To give to black tea the flavor of green tea, add a single leaf from the black currant tree.

A New Cure for Potato Rot.—The Newburyport Herald publishes a new theory of the cause and cure of potato rot, put forth by Mr. Paul Pillsbury, of Georgetown, Mass. He thinks the cause to be a small herbaceous insect that, perforating the tuber, extracts the life of the vegetable so that decomposition follows. The remedy, which he has tried for two years, is very simple, and within the reach of everybody in this vicinity. It is in the oyster shell, which he says contains a carnivorous insect that wars upon and destroys that so destructive to the potatoes. He places a couple of shells in every potato hill, or lays them on the ground where the vines will come in contact with them, and finds in that his remedy. It is very certain that the shells will be beneficial to the land as a fertilizer, and if at the same time they will preserve the vegetable, they will answer a double purpose, and become of great value to our farmers.

Hog Cholera.—I have noticed several articles in your paper on the hog cholera and its cure. I have tried a great many things, but have found nothing to answer the purpose, until I tried sweet milk and red peppers boiled together, which has proved to be a sure cure in every case both last year and this.

Recipe.—For one hog take one quart of sweet milk and three or four pods of red peppers; boil together, give it warm, and in six hours your hog will be ready for some corn, or any other feed you are giving it.—A. M. G., *in Ohio Cultivator.*

Remedy for the Scours.—A correspondent of the Mark Lane Express, has used acorn flour with success. Whenever he found symptoms of scours or diarrhœa in any of his cattle, he ordered two good handfuls of acorn flour to be mixed in a bran mash and given warm immediately, continuing it once a day until the disease disappeared. It proved a never-failing cure, in his own case and that of his neighbors.

Useful Receipts.

Blackberry Wine.—There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so, should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel diseases. We therefore give the receipt for making it, and having tried it ourselves, we speak advisedly on the subject:—"Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without farther straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked under similar influence before."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Borax in Washing.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilette-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleansing the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.—*London Field.*

Preserving Eggs.—If M. H. C. wishes to preserve eggs for the table in winter, let her dip them, according as she gets them (the fresher the better), in warm lard, and then lay them in a small barrel in layers, filling up the spaces with salt. I brought some in this way to Melbourne in '57, and had but three eggs out of two hundred that I used on the voyage that had not "milk" in them, and only one uneatable.—M. T. (Dublin) *in London Field.*

How to Cook Clams.—Take one dozen clams—open, saving juice and meat—chop the meat fine. Take six eggs, mixing the white and the yolks; then mix the clams (juice and meat) with the eggs, and cook over a *slow fire*, stirring constantly till the mixture has the consistency of stiff cream. Take off and serve—a dish fit for a king.—*Country Gentleman.*

Harness Blacking.—I send the following recipe for making harness blacking, which I have used constantly:—Take two ounces of beeswax, and cut as thin as possible; cover it with turpentine, and let it remain until dissolved; and add one ounce of ivory black and a teaspoonful of sweet oil. Mix well together. If it gets too stiff, add a little more turpentine.—*London Field.*

Remedy for Bites and Stings.—As many of our readers are preparing to travel or go to the country for the summer, it may be useful to remind them that an ounce vial of spirits of hartshorn should be considered one of the indispensables, as in case of being bitten or stung by any poisonous animal or insect, the immediate and free application of this alkali as a wash to the part bitten, gives instant, perfect and permanent relief, the bite of a mad dog (we believe) not excepted; so will strong ashes-water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body doth form take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make
—*Spenser.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 1, 8, 21, 22, 3, 29, 21, 25, 22, 10, were a sect of the 6th century, whose chief was John Ascunage, a Syrian Philosopher.

My 2, 18, 11, 21, 12, 20, 3, was a daughter of Laomidon, King of Troy, by Strymne, daughter of the river god Scamander.

My 3, 20, 4, 8, 27, 22, 21, 23, 15, 10, were a sect of the 3d century, who abstained from marriage, wine and animals.

My 4, 12, 24, 8, 19, 30, was the last King of Athens.

My 5, 4, 1, 27, 20, 14, is an astronomical instrument graduated to 45 deg.

My 6, 3, 8, 5, was the 6th and most execrable of the Roman Emperors, he was born at Antium, in Latium, A. D., 37.

My 7, 27, 24, 21, 28, 3, 11, is the 3d order of subrachiate malacopterygious fishes; it includes the cod, haddock, &c

My 8, 15, 29, 27, was the daughter of Coelus and Terra.

My 9 8, 5, 17, was the god of Love; he is said to have been produced without parents.

My 10, 15, 27, 17, 1, 3, 8, is the name of a book in high estimation among the idolators of Hindostan.

My 11, 1, 18, 8, 14, 5, 8, was a Grecian warrior in the army against Troy. His voice was louder than the combined voices of fifty men

My 12 30, 25, 3, 20, 21, 27, 20, 16, was a denomination of the first century. They taught that faith may and ought to be dissembled.

My 13, 3, 27, 30, 1, 5, 13, 27, 25, 17, 9, 10, was a festival of the Roman Church.

My 14, 21, 7, 6, 21, 30, is a large river in Asia, emptying into the Euphrates.

My 15, 23, 4, 28, 12, 8, was the most valiant of the Trojan chiefs

My 16, 25, 5, 4, 29, 17, is a term applied to the 2d family of abdominal malacopterygious fishes, such as the pike, flying fish, &c.

My 17, 27, 19, 8, 21, 27, is a term applied to the 2d order of reptiles, as the crocodile, alligator, &c

My 18, 4, 15, 21, 5, 20, was one of the men who sprang from the dragon's teeth, sown by Cadmus at Thebes.

My 24, 27, 8, 4, 16, 5, 13, 24, 3, 27, 26, 15, was a spectacle represented at Paris, Sep., 1424, in the cemetery of "Les Innocents."

My whole has of late been turned into a Pugilistic Academy. J. B. M.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There was a widowed mother,
Whose son had gone to sea;
Bare headed on the deck she stood,
And farewells oft did *me*.

But when his ship did further get
Upon the briny sea,
A wreck she rolled, and the brave boy met
His piteous fate 'neath *me*.

A stranger sat beside a mound—
A grave it seemed to be—
And at its foot a willow stood,
That o'er it oft did *me*.

Now one more hint; our fathers bled
For home and liberty;
And freedom's flag above their heads
Did fair and gently *me*.

E. D WRAY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If to think you're inclined,
You by reason will find
That my *first* is expressive of what you must do;
And 'tis clear to my mind,
If you're my *second* and *third* combined,
That you will tell me the answer is true.

CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters, when they're placed aright,
My name will surely bring to light.
'Tis often seen in the farmer's lot,
And *sometimes* in his humble cot
Erase first letter and you'll find,
What we often seen in summer time;
We see by omitting two and three,
The cause of much crime and misery;
Without number two, 'tis very plain,
That for me thousands have been slain
This, my friend, (take no offence,)
You can guess if you've common sense.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Louis Price us.	From Niger.
Fat cat I lie.	U roast Reuben.
Sex in Prose.	Near it, a red men.
Pen thy house.	C, pray to Chill
Cat-nip oil, Pa.	Plain toy trip.
Roman toys.	I mean Glory.
I, you brat.	I lent to a man
Tied Brutis.	

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two houses whose different heights are as 9 to 5, are standing on a level plain 120 feet apart. It is found that a string of 15 knots in length will just reach down from the top of the higher house to the middle of the distance between them; and a string of 13 knots in length will reach from the top of the lower house to the same spot. Required the respective heights of said houses.

(By knots I mean proportional lengths.)

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What's the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's Ark? Ans.—Noah's Ark was made of wood, and Joan of Arc was Maid of Orleans.

☞ Why was the prophet Nathan greater than the Mediterranean? Ans.—Because the Mediterranean is a sea, but Nathan was a seer (sea-er.)

☞ Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Ans.—Because it had no Eve!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Frederic Henry Alexander Humboldt. CHARADE—General George Washington. CHARADE—Lamp-post.—CHARADE—Sack-a-loo. PROBLEM—12½ acres.

☞ At a recent meeting of the Fellows of the Ethnological Society, as an illustration of the fallacy of attempting to distinguish the races of men by their skulls, Mr. Cranford mentioned that Mr. Owen was making a classification of African skulls, when one that he said was undoubtedly an African was found to be the skull of a Scotch sergeant.